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SANDRON HALL,

OR

THE DAYS OF QUEEN ANNE.

BY

THE HON. GRANTLEY BERKELEY, M.P.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

There are times from which we can command our life,
When the soul sweeps the future like a glass,
And coming things, full freighted with our fate,
Jut out, dark, in the offing of the mind.

FESTUS.

IN spite of all resistance, and stifling her cries, as recounted in the foregoing volume, the ruffians bore Corah to a small room on the ground-floor at the rear of the house. The gipsy Smith, having bound her hands, passed the cord twice round the board forming the back of a bed-

stead, the only piece of furniture in the apartment, and fastened it to an iron ring in the floor beneath. She was then left in darkness, and to the unmitigated misery of her situation. Such was the brutality and violence with which Smith executed these precautions against escape, that even his assistant Hayes ventured a remonstrance, which was soon silenced by threats and execrations. Corah listened to the retiring steps of her captors, and when all was silent, her head sank on the hard sacking of the bedstead beneath her, and in dread of what was still to follow she gave way to an agony of tears.

Corah had not long abandoned herself to the misery of her situation, when her attention was drawn to a slight noise as of something pulling at or endeavouring to remove iron bars in the corner of the room; it was so dark that she could discern nothing, but still the noise continued.

Bound down, defenceless as she was, her whole

soul was bent on obtaining further information as to the noise, when to her great delight she heard the low whining of a little dog. To know that she had not on the moment to dread the approach of man was a relief to her; presently some animal seemed to force itself through a narrow aperture, it bounded across the room, and her own little dog sprang into her lap. The joy evinced by Spider on having discovered and joined his mistress being over, the little animal busied himself in the examination of the cord which confined her, and shortly after commenced gnawing it with the greatest assiduity. It was not long ere that portion of the cord which bound Corah to the bed was bitten through, and with a little further assistance from her faithful follower she became entirely at liberty. Her first act then was to examine the corner whence Spider had obtained admittance; it was nothing but a sink in the floor leading to the drains beneath, through which the diminutive size of the

dog had enabled him to enter. Pleased with the attention of his mistress, Spider drew himself in and out of the aperture as if shewing her a means of escape.

From the corner of the room she groped her way to the small and highly-situated window, but all was secure, precluding every chance of egress in that direction, the door also being fastened on the outside; her next resolve was to render it defensible from within, at least during the remaining hours of darkness. For this purpose she felt round the room for such materials as might be at hand, and having discovered two or three short poles which seemed to have been used in scaffolding, she propped them in a slanting position firmly against the door, to the opening of which she also opposed the weight of the bed. Having rendered an entry into her apartment impossible, unless by the absolute infraction or breaking down of the door, we must now leave her, and give some account of those under the same roof.

When our narrative quitted Louisa Marmaduke, she had been again overpowered by the unnatural drowsiness with which she was oppressed; Mistress Hayes, who, it will be remembered, had thrown herself upon the couch by the side of the bed whence Corah had been removed, then rose softly and joined her male companions. They were drinking deeply, and she hesitated not to share in their carousal. Hayes being to some extent overpowered with the strength of his potations, soon fell asleep with his head upon the table, and a conversation was then resumed between the others, which had apparently at some former time been interrupted.

"Well, and now tell me," said Smith, "why do you live cooped up in these murky holes, listening to the squeaking of mice, and subject each moment to the bullying of Jonathan Wild, when you might be strolling the country with me, hear the free lark sing, and defy the king of informers? I'm not afraid of Wild; let's snap our fingers in his face and bolt together."

"What!" replied Mistress Hayes, throwing her arm familiarly over his shoulder, while she looked closely into his face with a scornful leer, "and so put myself and my good fifteen hundred pounds under the thumb of that black-haired piece of squeamish virtue you have just now confined in the lower room! no, no, *that* I couldn't endure; *I hate* the sight of her now, and the world, wide as it is, has not a bank by the side of which *we* could sun ourselves in company."

"Fifteen hundred quids!" said the gipsy taking his pipe from his mouth as he spoke, "why with that ere amount of dust, a cottage, green window-blinds, with a toothful of cowslip wine for the parson when he came to see us, or count our apples, we might pass for two of the blessedest saints in Christendom! I say, let's sign, seal, and deliver, and cut our sticks to-morrow."

"But your wife," replied Mistress Hayes, "and that regenerated sinner, who sits snoring there at the table—you can't get rid of her!"

"Can't get rid on her?" rejoined Smith; "why bramble my body, but don't I tell you I *have* got rid on her; I *have sold her*, if you like it, to the devil. She'll never cumber my camp again."

"Nonsense!" said Mistress Hayes; "why you are not dolt enough to dream that my lord will keep her for ever; to-night his fancy may be there," pointing to the lower room, "to-morrow above;" and she indicated the situation of Louisa's apartment; "and when he grows tired, off she comes in search of us, jealousy quickening those amiable intentions which your former conduct had engendered in her breast. She may relent or punish *you*, as the case may be, as the little boy said in his catechism, while *I* am nicely sold all the world over. Gently, gently, Master Smith, I am not so easily gulled as you may suppose. You are chained, tied like a tame goat or an obedient dog; and if you do not do something bang-up to break your tether, you are not the man for my money."

"Chained!" cried Smith; "bramble my body, the chain's not linked that shall couple me; there's *no* holding me I tell you, but, halloo! you're riding the high horse in a hurry; *you* are coupled to that chicken-hearted fool there, who is afeard on his own shadow; an't your lot the same as mine?"

"It is," replied Mistress Hayes in a low, slow, and distinct whisper, every syllable of which reached the gipsy's ear, as if it had been uttered in a voice of thunder, "it *is* the same as your's, but *you* may *change* it."

"How?"

"How! why look at that snoring fool, that fool that prayed to you to-night to be less violent to your precious helpmate; probably he had good reasons for the request; do you think *he* should be a stumbling-block to our even-paced purposes? never!"

"What would you have us do with him?"

"Why look you," continued Mistress Hayes with

a scowl so fraught with fiendish determination that it might have denied the existence of her sex, "his mind is half dead already; drench it a little more and it becomes nothing; 'twere easy then to dispose of his palsied limbs."

"Would you *kill* him?" exclaimed Smith; "bramble my body, there is not many things I would say no to, but, but, don't let's do that neither!"

"Not kill him! and why not? is it a crime to slay an atheist, one who has no religion or goodness, who himself has murdered a man! ay, and one of his own children to boot? its body lies under the pear-tree in the garden of the old farmhouse in Worcestershire. He was bold enough once, but now at night he says when every other sound is still that the child comes to his bed-side, and, holding up its little pinbefore, asks him why it is so bloody. It is *that* that has unmanned him, made him fly to the Dutch courage of liquor, and start at the merest shadow."

"Burn it, I say, give us the brandy!" exclaimed Smith. The gipsy took a long pull at the naked spirit. "Your words creep coldly up my back," he continued, "like the chill of an east wind; but fifteen hundred pounds! it's a stake worth a struggle! Kate, there's my thumb, do with me what you like, and I'll not fail you."

"*She* (nodding her head towards Corah's apartment) must be cared for too," said Mistress Hayes; "we will have no half-measures; there must be none left behind to appear against us, not even the one above stairs. After my lord has been here to-night he will ask no questions when he finds his own safety uncompromised. There, hie thee to the nearest wine-vault, purchase several bottles of mountain, 't is my husband's favourite lush; what need such a thing as that to repine at such a death, when princes have died in malmsey?"

The gipsy rose from his seat, and for a moment regarded the woman who so counselled

him with wolfish eyes, which, black and horrible as the thoughts within her abandoned bosom were, saw into and through them all. If the light which passed over his dark features could be called a smile, the villain almost laughed as he proceeded on his mission.

Smith had not long left the house, when Master Surface approached the door, closely muffled in his cloak. It was unlikely that any one should be watching him, but nevertheless he seemed to regard the very darkness with suspicion, for though bold and determined as he was, and able to rely in all times of need on either his head, heart, or hand, yet that unfettered and never-to-be-enslaved attribute of the ethereal soul, conscience, was busy within, and cried against the commission of his purpose.

He stood on the threshold, gazed cautiously on either side, and listened. It was a still, cold, frosty night, and the dense fog, as it hung around the solitary lamp in the street, shewed

dimly red by the reflection. All was silent as the grave ; he raised his hand for an application to the door, when a dull, heavy sound reached his ear from within ; it resembled the fall of a blow on some substance which gave way beneath, or shrank from the force with which that blow was bestowed ; a fall and a slight bustle as of a struggle between two people followed, and all was once more quiet.

Surface then knocked for admittance ; no answer was returned ; he repeated his summons louder than before ; a hurried step approached, and Mistress Hayes stood before him. To his question if all was safe, she replied not, but with eyes distended, and even cleared of the clouded and ensanguined hue with which their whites had been invested by intemperance, with a pale cheek, and a heaving bosom, she stared upon him as if she expected a demand for further explanation that should crush her on the spot. There was a moment's pause, in which

she was subject to the scrutinizing glance of her master, but ere he could read her thoughts, she recovered her self-possession and replied—"All *is* safe, sir; I will bring you the lamp."

She then ran hastily to the room in which she had been sitting, and either accidentally or otherwise extinguished one of the two lights which stood upon the table, and caught up the other very quickly, but not so soon as to prevent Surface arriving within the apartment. As she handed him the lamp he heard a noise as of some one stamping on the floor, and perceived that a man was stretched upon an old sofa which stood in the room; the head and shoulders of the figure were covered with a cloth, while the legs which hung from the side of the couch, with the feet upon the floor, produced by a convulsive motion the noise which had aroused his attention.

"Who is that?" demanded Surface.

"My husband," replied Mistress Hayes; "he

has drunk a little too much, and but now fell from his chair; he is often thus, but will be better presently. The rooms, my lord, are arranged as you desired."

Surface took the lamp, and retired in the direction of the apartment in which Corah was confined, while Mistress Hayes, re-kindling a light from the embers of the kitchen fire, returned to the room where she had left her husband. She had scarcely done so when the gipsy Smith returned, and having let himself in with a latch-key, closely barring the street-door, and depositing the purchased wine on the table, stood once more by her side.

"The wine is not needed *now*," muttered Mistress Hayes, in a hollow whisper; "the opportunity seemed to invite the deed, and I have done it; see he moves; thy arm is stronger than mine—so far all is well." The gipsy seized a knife which lay on the table, and advanced in the direction she indicated; but turning from

the hideous actors of the foregoing scene, we must now follow Surface to the apartment which contained Corah.

When he arrived at the threshold, he turned the key in the lock, but as he did so he was startled by the furious barking of a little dog from within, and at the opposition offered to his entrance. Determined to know the cause, he placed his shoulder to the door in the endeavour to force his way, but each effort was unavailing.

"Who seeks admittance into this room?" said a voice, but so altered from the one he expected to hear that it filled him with a sensation bordering on dismay. "Your actions may for a time escape the observation of mortality, but there is one above whose all-absorbing vigilance directs alike the great mysteries of the universe and the motive which moves the heart of his meanest creature, even to that of the faithful dog. He," continued Corah, "through

the million orbs of night, can look down and penetrate the dark curtain of the world, and will not let iniquity escape him. You cannot enter this chamber without the loudest force, and my shrieks shall assist in disturbing the surrounding neighbourhood."

So little was Surface prepared for this reception, that he receded from the door, to seek explanation from his satellites; as he approached the apartment of his people, he met the gipsy in the passage; in the hand of the latter there was a long kitchen knife, and it was bloody to the very haft.

"How now!" said Surface; "where is the woman Hayes?—the door of yonder chamber is fastened on the inner side, and there is a dog with her whom it contains."

"What!" exclaimed Smith; "let me by, I'll see to it, she's my property, and I'll do with her as I like—" He was proceeding in that direction when his step was arrested by three deli-

berate and somewhat loud raps on the street-door, apparently applied through the means of the butt-end of a heavy bludgeon. Mistress Hayes also heard the knock for admittance, and came forth into the passage. The deliberate summons was repeated; Mistress Hayes locked the door of the apartment from which she had egressed, and put the key in her pocket; then, exchanging a glance with Smith, she beckoned him to proceed to the door, while Master Surface ascended to the first landing-place on the stairs, and concealed himself from immediate observation.

"Who knocks at this late hour of the night?" demanded the gipsy.

"It is I, or, more properly speaking, *we* are here," was the half-jocund reply, "the King of the Thieves, the Lying-Master-General of England, the Captain-General of the Army of Plunderers, the Ambassador-Extraordinary from the Prince of the Air, and the Emperor

of Gipsies, we are all here, in company with an honest Bucklemaker,* at your service."

"It is Jonathan Wild!" exclaimed the gipsy and Mistress Hayes together. "He must be admitted, and no harm to us either, for he comes in peaceful guise; he is in a mellow mood, and has been drinking: we will put wine in the kitchen, and entertain him there." This was done, and Jonathan soon made his appearance.

"Burn my wig! what a time you take to open the door; d' ye think I carry fire with me that you keep me freezing in the street this frosty night? what!" continued Wild, as he took and emptied the proffered glass; "why you are well off here if you drink mountain in the kitchen; I say, if this is the case, what's *their* lush up stairs?"

"We have no one up stairs," demurely replied Mistress Hayes.

* The original trade in which Jonathan Wild commenced business.

Jonathan's features suddenly underwent a vast change in their expression, as, pushing his chair back into a corner, so that he could have a full view of his companions without the possibility of their getting behind him, he exclaimed, throwing off at the same time all his affected jollity of humour,

"Exactly so; and *did* you *really* think that you knew my temper when you admitted me? You'll find yourselves damnably deceived. Look you, madam," addressing himself to Mistress Hayes, "I am here on serious business, and no mistake: you *have* lodgers, and I know it; be reasonable, and I do nothing unhandsome or disagreeable; be bumptious, and I get dangerous. Master Surface is here, or my lord, call him which you will, and I must see him without delay."

"He an't here," growled the gipsy.

"You lie, Master Smith," said Wild, with firm determination; "you know you lie, and I know it because I tracked him here."

"Bramble my body!" exclaimed the gipsy, "that's it, is it; if you're for a row here goes;" as he said this he felt in his bosom for the knife which he had concealed, but Mistress Hayes quickly interposed.

"Come, come, gentlemen," she said; "hush, Master Smith, I am sure there is no cause for anger against honest Master Wild; civility among friends is always right you know; try another sup of our wine, sir (to Wild), and I will answer any questions."

As she uttered this she approached Wild with another glass, but he waved her impatiently away with the hand which was at liberty, his bludgeon being between his knees, while with the other hand he coaxed into sight the butt-ends of a brace of formidable pistols, saying, "No more wine for me, madam, and just you keep your seat; I know your sex too well to let you come within kissing distance when there is business to be done; so, d'ye mind me,

hands off and tongues free, that's my present motto."

"Well I'm sure, Master Wild!" she exclaimed.

"Tush, tush," he continued; "no drawing-room speeches now: Master Surface *is* here—a lady is here."

"And I am here," cried Corah, rushing into the room, and up to the supposed officer of justice. "Oh, sir, take me under your protection, save the dear young lady who is upstairs, and any sum of money shall be your's; leave her not here, for there is no crime that the wretches whom you see will not perpetrate."

"Bramble your body!" roared the infuriated Smith. "Furies take me if I stand this; to your room, vixen, or I'll half murder you!" As he said this he sprang upon the poor girl like a tiger on his prey, and seizing her savagely by the throat, uninterfered with by Wild, commenced dragging her away.

Corah, the picture of terror, with her long black hair dishevelled around her, clung convulsively to the table—it was upset and broken. "Mercy, mercy!" she shrieked, as she stretched out her hands to Wild for assistance; "if there is mercy in Heaven, oh save me, or he will be my death!"

She could utter no more, for the grasp on her throat compressed and stopped all respiration. The savage wretch, tearing her from the room, disappeared with his burthen in the adjoining passage.

Poor Corah! when Surface desisted from the attempt to enter her chamber, he left the door unlocked; her quick and anxious ear had detected this, and she had taken advantage of the circumstance with the view of escaping by the street-door. Her well intended movement was foiled by their having locked the door on Wild's entrance, and taken the key away. As escape was thus denied her, regardless of the

violence she might bring on her own devoted head, she resolved to appeal to the duty and mercy of one who knew not the existence of either.

During the entrance of Corah, and the scene we have just recounted, Wild remained in his chair unmoved; the passionate appeal made to him by the poor girl did not affect even a muscle of his face, and he suffered her to be dragged from his presence with a sardonic smile, which seemed to say, "let the married people settle it their own way, I shall get nothing by my interference."

Turning to Mistress Hayes, who remained in the room, he then said, "Go, go instantly to Master Surface, tell him I am here, and that I must have an interview with him on matters touching his immediate safety: with you or the other inmates of your house I have nothing at the present moment to do; a time *may* come when my good will and friendship may be of

service to you all. Haste, and induce him to come to me directly."

Mistress Hayes, thus enjoined, quitted the room, and Surface shortly after entered.

"My lord," said Wild, with much grave civility, "I beg pardon for any unseasonable interruption, but the news I bring brooked not the shadow of delay. Your life is no longer safe if you remain in England; you are threatened with a charge of high treason, indeed I know that the warrant is signed for your apprehension. You are charged with conspiring to aid France in an intention to invade Scotland, and I mention this to prove to you that there is truth in the information I afford. If you have any affairs to settle, transact them immediately, and I beseech you let the sea intervene between you and the shores of Great Britain."

As Wild said this he produced a paper from his pocket, and then continued.

"You will remember, my lord, your engage-

ment to me; perhaps you will set your hand to this promissory note for a thousand pounds?"

Master Surface hesitated, regarded Wild with some suspicion, and then asked "how he was sure of the truth of Wild's information?"

"By this," replied that worthy functionary, producing at the same time a warrant from the secretary of state for the apprehension of Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat; "you will herein see that my authority exceeds even the hints which I have given."

Lord Lovat inspected the warrant, signed the promissory note, and then coolly asked "how long Wild would give him ere he felt himself obliged, if he remained in England, to take him into custody?"

"For a few days, my lord, I will answer for your safety: let some one whom you can trust pass this door every day at two o'clock; if I am forced to seek you, by that hour there shall appear on the centre panel a cross marked with red

chalk, let that be the signal between us; take timely warning then, my lord, for there is danger around you." Having thus spoken, Wild arose and sallied forth into the street.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Through coaches, drags, choaked turnpikes, and a whirl
  Of wheels, and roar of voices, and confusion;
Here taverns wooing to a pint of "purl,"
  There mails fast flying by, like a delusion;
There barbers' blocks with perriwigs in curl
  In windows; here the lamplighter's infusion
Slowly distilled into the glimmering glass,
(For in those days we had not got to gass.)

Through this, and much, and more, is the approach
  Of travellers to mighty Babylon:
Whether they come by horse, or chaise, or coach,
  With slight exceptions, all the ways seem one.
I could say more, but do not choose to encroach
  Upon the guide-book's privilege. The sun
Had set some time, and night was on the ridge
Of twilight, as the party crossed the bridge.

BYRON.

AT the conclusion of a former chapter, Sandron eft the house of old Hogarth, accompanied by his son, and was soon directed to the very place

in the street whence the subject forming the spirit of the drawing had been procured. Having rewarded the boy for his trouble, he commenced a narrow scrutiny of all the houses in that part of Tottenham Court Road, but without being able to obtain any information. Sandron then proceeded to a brandy-shop, and to other tradesmen's houses in prosecution of his inquiry, and last of all entered that great emporium of little news and local scandal, the shop of a barber. While in conversation with the proprietor, a strange eccentric-looking personage entered, dressed in an uncouth and fantastic fashion. His hat was decorated with parti-coloured ribands, and his stockings were of different hues.

"Ha, Dickey!" exclaimed the barber, "are you come again to have the outside of your head arranged? 'tis pity that you cannot find some cunning leach to trim its internal structure, you would then make a good member of Parliament."

"No, I should not, master flippant," said the one thus addressed; "I should be the last man in the world for such a situation. I have too many acquaintances, and too many places to go to, too much money, and too much wit, to fit me for the legislative benches. Your best members are those who have no friends in London, who are so ill-featured and crossed-grained by nature as to render them objectionable in the eyes of women, who have no money to spend in places of amusement, and no other place to go to except the Commons House of Parliament. These be the men for St. Stephen's."

"Ho, ho, Dickey," replied the barber, "do you mean to say that there is neither talent nor wit required to frame an act of Parliament?"

"Good Suds, thou art too familiar, I am no bird of thy feather, that thou shouldst dickey me thus," said the other. "Friend Cibber says 'indecencies are no longer wit,' so do not thou try to be clever through impertinence. Most mise-

rable remover of superfluous hairs, tell me, has the odd little dog been about here to-day, I must have the little animal, nor will I go to my country-seat, or even visit Malmsbury Abbey without it. Speak, barbarian tonsor, and I will pass over all previous insolence?"

"Hear him," retorted the barber, "upon my soul it is sickening to see how fools and serving-men ape their masters' humour! It is not sufficient that the shop of an honest tradesman should be frequented by beaux, fops, and coxcombs in livery, calling themselves by the names and titles of their masters, but we must now have Master Dickey Pearce, a jester, forsooth, assuming the manners and treating us to the big words of the Earl of Suffolk: do but look at him, sir, ha, ha, by'r Lady though he an't drunk, he thinks he is a lord, as sure as fate." *

* An Epitaph by Dean Swift on Dickey Pierce the jester of Lord Suffolk is now extant in the churchyard at Berkeley.

"And so I am, goodman Suds," replied the jester, "treat me, therefore, with becoming respect; thou hast as many manners for the different grades of thy customers as thou hast unequal charges in thy false ledger; pay to me, then that deference which thou keepest pursed up and perfumed for the nobility. Say on, thou art permitted to speak. King Charles once had, as I have now, a particular breed of dog peculiar to ourselves, hast thou seen *mine* lately? Ah," continued the jester, seeming to observe Sandron for the first time, and shaking him by the hand, "how are you, my very good sir, how is your lady, and all the little innocent pledges of your connubial felicity? I have no family myself, sir, none, so I admire dogs, such a little red sly-looking dog as I have seen about here, a sort of true vermin catcher, as may be seen to follow the camp of a gipsy, and steal him a hen."

Sandron instantly caught at the description of

the dog, and asked where and when his newly-made acquaintance had seen it.

"I first saw it about here," replied the jester, with a cautious and sly look of penetration, "but I have not seen it here to-day, this nefarious barber may have slain it, and made a wig of its skin for some of his bald-headed customers, oh, but if he has, I'll make him smart for it. Ah! you want to know where the dog is, don't you? go down to Westminster, sit by the Horse-ferry, suck your thumbs, and you shall get the information you require." Saying which with a loud laugh the jester skipped into the street, leaving his hearers to speculate on his folly.

Night had now set in, and Sandron returned to his lodgings in the hope of receiving some news from Wild. The constable, however, did not make his appearance, and Sandron was forced to retire for the night as ignorant of the situation of Louisa Marmaduke as he was when he arose in the morning. Tired, heated by

fatigue, he could not rest; there was a gloomy despondency on his mind, which scared away the downy pinions of sleep, and sat on his soul with a weight that his utmost efforts could not shake off. It was a wild and gusty night, and the melancholy wind moaned through the stacks of chimneys, as if bewailing the deaths of the lovely and innocent which it had formerly lulled in calm and beautiful repose.

There is something awful in that silent hour of night, even when the mind is unoppressed by the sense of misfortune; it was doubly so to Sandron then, for there was upon him an undefined apprehension of impending evil, which, as its causes were not obvious or manifest, offered no stimulus to arouse his energies, or call them into action. To a bold and vigorous mind the sight of the evil that would crush it is as the blast of the trumpet to the war-horse, but when the instinctive perceptions are alone engaged, to what a miserable state can the bold heart and

muscular limb be reduced! How weak is the frame, how fragile its endurance, when the spirit within sinks beneath some airy and untangible visitation, or lies prostrate to the horrors of some fantastic or fiendish monomania!

When Sandron sank in fitful and questionable rest, no particular dream haunted his imagination, and yet every time that he awoke the words of the jester seemed ringing in his ears, and telling him to seek for further information for the elucidation of the mystery about which he was engaged at the Horseferry at Westminster. Lagging and dreary did the hours of that night seem, and when daylight dawned in his chamber he sprang from his bed, too happy to be once more in action. During the absence of a messenger whom he had despatched to the residence of Wild, that personage himself was announced as waiting to see him.

Having been admitted, the villain, fresh as he was from the society of the very people for whom

he pretended to search, denied having obtained any particular information, though from private intelligence, which he affirmed he was not in a situation as yet to divulge, he declared that he believed himself to be on the right track to lead to their apprehension; beseeching Sandron to take no more active steps at present, but to leave the conduct of the affair entirely to him, as the readiest mode of obtaining the end he had in view. Sandron felt himself forced to acquiesce in this advice, and having dismissed Wild with the promise of greater reward in the event of his success, he once more strolled forth in the direction of Tottenham Court Road, still hoping that the dog might lead him into some more fortunate train of adventure.

Among the houses in that part of Tottenham Court Road to which the boy Hogarth had called his attention, was one a little retired from the rest, and abutting on two sides to the dead walls of the other and larger tenements; over the door

of this house there was a half-defaced notice of the residence of a pawnbroker. To these premises Sandron's suspicions were unaccountably drawn, and he passed hours in watching the approaches to it. All the windows of the house were closed, and the only person whom he saw either leave or enter it was a tall masculine woman, whose figure, though partially concealed by a cloak, seemed familiar to him.

The day was thus spent in a fruitless endeavour to penetrate the mystery, when he resolved, if no further tidings reached him through Wild, to apply for a warrant at the Compter on the following morning to search the premises. It was now dark, so he again quitted the vicinity of Tottenham Court Road, when in proceeding homewards he was aroused from a deep reverie by the sound of a voice which seemed to proceed from some one at no very great distance, and to be addressed to him. "To the Horseferry, to the Horseferry !—Westminster, Westminster !"

shouted the voice. Sandron stopped and turned in the direction whence the words seemed to proceed; no one stood still, no one looked particularly at him, and none appeared to have spoken: several people were passing at the time, and some of them even seemed to have heard the voice, for they stared casually at Sandron and at each other. Struck with the words, for they were those that had been used by the jester, Sandron paused and listened for their repetition, but they reached not his ear again, so, musing on their extraordinary occurrence, he proceeded on his way and reached his lodgings.

Here, no further intelligence having been afforded by Wild, Sandron continued for some hours a prey to the greatest uncertainty and apprehension; the voice of his mysterious adviser still seemed to ring in his ears, when, anything being preferable to inactivity, he resolved, though he scarcely knew why or wherefore, to proceed late as it was to the Ferry, though his

search thither was so strangely recommended by the lips of a fool. There was no moon, and the stars were almost entirely screened by black and lowering clouds, while the wind, unusually mild and constantly varying its quarter, rose in gusts or sank in momentary calm, as if struggling to dispel or else to concentrate the frowning storm which had gathered on midnight's murky brow. The hour of eleven had long been proclaimed by the iron tongues of the vast city and its suburbs, when Sandron passed Whitehall, the gates of which were closed ; continuing his rout, the outline of the old Abbey of Westminster loomed black and gigantic amid the obscurity over which it almost seemed to preside. Sandron having reached the river near the Horseferry, paused on its very brink and gazed on the ink-like hue of the hurrying waters of the Thames. Opposite to him, on the other side of the river, the lights in some of the houses were not yet extinguished ; dim and discoloured by the dusty panes which

intervened between them and the troubled air, their reflection glimmered on the waters with a garish and ensanguined hue, making the surrounding darkness still more visibly oppressive. The few lights thus at first perceivable gradually died away; the last that lingered was in one of the towers of the old palace at Lambeth, and when that was obscured Sandron found himself as much alone and as thoroughly benighted as if he had stood on the plains of the western desert. The wind, up to this time, had retained its fitful character, but now it commenced a perfect hurricane; large dense masses of vapour arose on the sky, which had assumed a pale and ghastly light wherever streaks of it became visible, and the electric masses seemed to be closing up in the teeth of the tempest itself. It was not long before the whole vault of heaven assumed the black and impenetrable veil which obscured all earthy objects, and so dark did it become that Sandron could not even distinguish his out-

stretched hand. He stood with his foot firmly planted on one of the wooden piles which had been driven in to strengthen the bank of the wharf on which he had taken his station, when, on a slight cessation which chanced in the roar of the tempest, he thought he heard a human step within a few paces of where he stood. Although the step might have belonged to some benighted bargeman who was returning to one of the craft moored alongside of the adjacent wharf, nevertheless at that lonely hour Sandron laid his hand on his sword and stood prepared for action.

At this moment there was a running, rattling crash in the heavens above, as if the blue arch itself had burst with the fury of the electric fluid, and a flash of lightning followed, which for a brief space rendered the minutest thing on the wharf as visible and distinct as if seen by the light of day. Within six feet of the place where Sandron stood he beheld the figure of a man,

and in the hand of the man, suspended by its long dishevelled and gory locks, was the ghastly sight of a newly-severed human head ; it swung slightly, it left his hand, and passing Sandron, fell with a distinct and heavy splash on the gleaming current of the river. The features of the man were shadowed and entirely concealed by a slouching hat, but it seemed that as he cast the head from him he also beheld Sandron ; the whole circumstance was but the work of a moment, there was, therefore, no opportunity for more minute observation.

Shocking, horrible, heartrending, as the sight was, it did not on the instant deprive Sandron of resolution or power. Sword in hand he sprang to the spot where the figure had been, his left hand stretched at the expected throat, while his right directed his sword, point blank, around, but harmless through the midnight air. The clap of thunder, the flash of lightning, had passed; the face of night grew black as before ; the wind

howled in its fury louder than ever; and Sandron, foiled in his purpose, stood alone with his eyes now straining in the direction of the mysterious flood which seemed for a moment to groan in hollow murmurs over the hellish secret entrusted to its breast, and then, as if impressed with horror, to mourn in unwonted silence. In that one single glance which the transient gleam of lightning had enabled him to obtain, dreadfully disfigured as the features were, they seemed to be familiar to Sandron, and he knew that the head was that of a woman. A thought too horrible for expression arose in his mind, causing his eyes almost to start from their sockets, and his hair to stand on end. Could the features he had just seen consigned to the river have been those that had smiled on the brightest days of his existence, could they once have belonged to his now *madly*-loved Louisa? Where should he turn, how should he act, how cast from him and prove to be false the terrible and heart-breaking

suspicions of his excited imagination? Should he cry upon the neighbourhood for assistance, and awaken the drowsy ear of night with the fearful shout of murder? but if he were to do so, how could it avail him, or of *what use was haste?* All that human aid could offer would fail to re-animate or join the severed limb, or recal the sweet breath of those lips over which the wild eddies of the current were now sweeping resistlessly, or perhaps hurrying away to the restless waves of the ocean.

No! if his eyes, if his mind, had not deceived him, all was now hopeless, all was blank despair, and Sandron knelt him on the ground, and, laying his forehead on the blade of his naked sword, the point of which rested on some timber with which the wharf was cumbered, he shed a flood of passionate and regretful tears. As he remained thus he was startled by the pressure of something cold and damp upon his cheek; he raised his hand and was aware of a little dog;

it whined most pitifully, nay, as he felt with his hand it sat by him, and then howled as if it had lost all that its faithful nature had ever known and loved, and Sandron knew, by the passage of his hand over its form, that the little dog that used to follow Corah was crouching to his side. Could its mistress be near, was she within call ? He shouted her name ! the dog seemed to understand the ineffectual summons, and to pause in its lamentations for the wished-for reply; but the wind swept even the echo, if there had been one, away, and the demon of the storm seemed to shriek in derision at the vain effort of man at such a time, vast as his misfortune might be, to make himself heard or attended to. Sick at heart, at one moment convinced that he had seen the murderer of Louisa Marmaduke, at another, endeavouring to assure himself that the apprehensive and feverish state of his brain had deceived him, Sandron remained staring upon the dark and mysterious river, till the clock at Westminster Abbey struck two.

Arousing himself then into action, and almost inclined to regard the whole matter as some wild and momentary madness, he proceeded home, and having called up his servant, despatched him to the residence of Wild, to command the thieftaker's immediate attendance. It was some hours later when John Hardcastle returned in company with Wild, as the latter had been abroad on some particular business; when they did return, they were informed by the hostess of the lodgings that a boy had arrived with some important news, which caused Master Sandron to send for his horse and depart with the utmost precipitation.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Farewell to these; but other scenes I view,
And other griefs, and guilt of deeper hue;
Where conscience gives to outward ills her pain,
Gloom to the night, and pressure to the chain.

CRABBE.

ON the following day a concourse of people were collected on the wharf near the Horseferry at Westminster, the topic of their conversation being a recent murder.

"Well, my masters," continued an old man who acted in the capacity of watcher of the night, "as I was telling you, I hears a nize, and says I to myself says I, my sake, says I, I'm dashed if that warn't a cry of murder, or some-

thing like it; I grasps my staff, whips out into the street and listens; but, lawk! the wind was so high you couldn't hear no more if 'twas ever so, so I agin gets back into my box, thinking if 't was murder it couldn't be no worse, and there was an ind on't."

"Ah! no doubt you got into your box again," said a bystander, "pretty quickly."

"Well, this morning as soon as it was light," said the watchman, without heeding the interruption, "leave old Joe to himself, thinks I, for nosing out a thing or two? I goes to this here wharf and looks slily into the water; there it is says I, I know'd I should twig it, and lo and behold! there lay a poor dumb female woman's head all along upon the mud with its hair on, just for the life as if 't had been a dog or cat; features! there warn't one wisible so dismogrified had they been by malice aforethought and wiolence. Bless your eyes! 't was throw'd in there, werry like an ebb tide, and so the vater

vould n't make it conwenient for to conwey it away."

"Well, old Dogberry," said the bystander who had before spoken, "and what are the beaks a setting their precious noddles about now? has anybody owned the head?"

"There you go!" replied the watchman, nettled at the interruption and present method of address; "there you go! see what it is to be a sucking fool; how *could* a body own a head, when the body's got no lips whatsomedever wherewith to make the necessary apology for it to their vership? But I see, I see the news you wish for; their vership have disrected that the head shall be combed and washed and stuck upon a pole in the churchyard of St. Margaret, that the public may have an opportunity to respect and view it accordingly.* I who found

* After which it was put on a pole in the churchyard of St. Margaret, Westminster, that an opportunity might be afforded for its being viewed by the public.— Newgate Register.

it, and other of the parochial hofficers are to attend the hexibition of the head, and to sustain and reprehend or otherwise take into consideration all conspicuous persons who shall discover any fears of the same, or guilt upon the sight of it. Their vorships, too, in their craftiness, have ordered this here wharf to be votched at night, and all coaches and carts what comes this way to be stopped and searched, expecting, as is natural, that such conweyances may be a bringing of the body arter the head, to let them repose together."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the crowd in a shout of laughter, the young man who had previously interrupted the watchman again exclaiming — "Bless me! if I think that there can be greater fools on the face of the earth than the generality of Middlesex magistrates; if ever a man's bred to the bar and found likely to remain a briefless barrister and therefore inferior to his fellows, he's always caught and shoved upon this bench

as if the powder of his wig had cleansed his brain of its imperfections. On the bench, too happy to revenge the contempt he has been in the habit of receiving at the hands of gentlemen, he misquotes the law, pits his brief authority against all that is respectable, and commits nothing but mistakes to the enlargement of disreputable felons. There's your sailors too, the waves can't wash ashore an ignorant blue-jacket, but he's held to know quite enough to dispense landward justice."

The young man then struck the watchman's hat well over his eyes and nose, and following it up by a smart kick, ran off with the rest of the crowd with as much merry unconcern as if the discourse had been on the discovery of a drowned cat, rather than of the head of a murdered fellow-creature.

At the time that this scene was passing, Jonathan Wild was walking slowly through Tottenham Court Road; the arms of the thieftaker

were folded, and he seemed to be in deep consideration of some important matter. He had passed the door of the house inhabited by Mistress Hayes ere he was aware of it, but suddenly stopping, returned and knocked for admittance.

"What! is it washing-day?" asked Wild, as the woman opened the door; "you are up to the elbows in suds; a grand scouring out I suppose as I understand your lodgers have left you?"

"Yes, indeed they have, Master Wild," replied Mistress Hayes. "My house is clear of them now, and I want to get the apartments a little decent before any new folks come in."

"*Quite* clear, hey! what is *she* gone? (pointing to the chambers upstairs); I suppose your husband is here helping to do the needful?"

"No, he is not, Master Wild, and I don't mind telling you the truth, for I am sure you will never peach against us. Some time ago Hayes had a dispute with a chap, when from words they came to blows, by an unlucky hit

my good man killed him; however, the wife of the deceased made up the affair on our promising to pay her an annual income.* Just now we are not in a situation to fulfil the demand, so, as she says she will inform against us, we have thought it better that Hayes should abscond."

"And where is your good man gone to?" asked Wild.

"To Portingal, along with some other gentlemen," she replied, and then turning deadly pale, sharply added, "or to the devil, if you like it better, as I see by that leer of your's you won't believe a word I say."

"Leer — I didn't leer," replied Wild, at the same time assuming such a malicious smile as made him look like a laughing fiend; "but come, come, old friend, don't let's lose our temper yet awhile; where is the gipsy Smith?"

"I don't know; how should I know? d'ye

* Newgate Calendar.

think I'm a walking register to keep an account of the movements of all the wandering tribes on earth? He has left this house, and I know not if ever I shall see him again."

"Dear me!" said Wild, "you seem to have struck your tents in a hurry; you wish to let this house, do you? come, I should just like to look over it."

This was uttered in a tone so bordering on jest and earnest, that Mistress Hayes, though she scarce understood the design of the thief-taker, felt it best to comply, the more so, as she wished to ascertain in what light, whether that of friend or foe, Wild was still to be regarded. They first entered the parlour where Mistress Hayes and her husband used to sit.

"Why," said Wild, "this floor has given you some trouble in washing and scraping too; let's have a look at the back-yard."

As soon as they reached it Wild looked into the sink. "Heyday!" he said, "why here's a

lot of blood; you have been killing a sheep lately?"

Mistress Hayes, who had paused at the back-door, started forward, and with looks which, though pallid before, grew white as the driven snow, perceived that a quantity of coagulated blood had been drawn from the sink, and lay in a line towards the outer wall. Wild traced the ensanguined marks, and perceived that they grew fainter and fainter, but at last left one more evident trace on the edges of the broken bricks surrounding a small aperture leading into the street. "It is an animal that has done this," he exclaimed; "pooh! the cat has killed something! Well, Mistress Hayes, I will not trouble you any further now, so good night; remember me to your good man *when* you see him; and much luck to you with your next lodger! good night, good night." Wild then left the premises apparently in the best of humours.

The moment he had departed Mistress Hayes

threw some water in the yard to obliterate the traces of the blood, and with much care blocked up the aperture in the wall, so that the animal, whatever it was, could not return again. She then went to the room in which Corah had been confined, tried the centre planks in the floor to assure herself that they would not yield to external pressure, sprinkled some sand in the crevices, and lastly drew the bedstead into the middle of the room; this done, she locked every door in the house, and returned to the kitchen. There were two bundles ready tied up for removal, and having put on her bonnet she sat down, apparently waiting till it should be dark.

During the ensuing moments of inactivity there was a troubled expression on her features, and a haggard restlessness in her dilated eyes, which spoke of internal horror. Like the burning mountain on the eve of an irruption she was convulsed within, though the visible and external form remained still placid and unchanged.

As the throes of the burning crater shake the surrounding earth, so the throbbings of her oppressed heart communicated themselves to the table on which she leaned, and were felt to the very floor. The remaining hours of light soon passed, and as the room in which she was grew dim, a brighter expression shot through her wolfish eyes, when, like that beast of prey whose den has become too constrained and hateful, she seemed to long — to pant — for the wildest change.

The heath, the forest, the dreariest waste, when compared to the narrow walls of *that* house, seemed places of rest and safety; the wild, the wide expanse of wood and field, concealed nothing she would wish undiscovered, and held not an angry witness, while the narrow confines of her present domicile shut her in with a voice that cried against her. For one brief moment a glimpse of that sunny hope, a gleam of that bright anticipation, such as had once

smiled in her breast in the day of childhood, when, having been immured for months in the narrowest and most confined alleys in the city of Worcester, her mother had promised her a few days' play amidst the sweet cowslips on the green banks of the Severn, came across her heart, but it was soon shrouded by the accumulation of a long course of crime, and by its fitful light only served to render more dark and hideous the depths of her intense despair.

Night having set in, Mistress Hayes arose, and opening the front door gazed forth upon the passers by: the merry child, the whistling workman, the honest and contented tradesman were there, each hurrying on to happiness and to home, while she stood by, an outcast from the blessings of either. All mirthful echo seemed to her to be the mockings of a mad and gibbering fiend, and fell on her ears with a strange unearthly sound, as if it never could have belonged to any natural impulse in her composition. She

returned within the house, and having possessed herself of her bundles came forth again into the street, and locking the door behind her, and taking the key, she proceeded in the direction of the nearest place whence she might procure a conveyance. She had not proceeded thus many steps when her further progress was arrested by the fall of a heavy hand on her shoulder, when, on looking round, with a thrill of dismay which went to the inmost recesses of her hardened heart, she perceived the now stern countenance of Wild.

"What! you are flitting, madam," exclaimed that worthy functionary in a tone very different from the one in which he had recently addressed her. "You will however be good enough to walk this way, for the time is arrived *when you* are *wanted.*"

"How!" she exclaimed; "villain, deceitful traitor, are you going to appear against us?"

"No," replied the thieftaker in a marked and

peculiar manner, "I am not going to appear against you for any of the little matters on which we have discoursed together; but damn it, I say, you've shot ahead too far—you're wanted on a charge of murder."

"*Murder!*" murmured the culprit, as if she first felt the full meaning of the awful word. "I know nothing of it; who charges me with the fact?"

"No one charges you with the fact, but the neighbours say that your husband has met with foul play, and that more than one lodger in your house have also mysteriously disappeared: a head — a human head, has been found in the Thames, and my orders are that you should be brought to inspect it."

"And where was the woman's head discovered?" asked Mistress Hayes.

"Oh, it was a *woman's* head, was it!" said Wild; "why then you know more about it than I do; *her* head was found by the side of a wharf at

Westminster; but, to shew you that I am not unkind to people in trouble, take a friend's advice, say nothing to commit yourself, and let others prove you guilty."

So saying Wild conducted her into the barber's shop, and having placed the handcuffs on her wrists, he gave some directions to two men who had followed him, and ordering a coach took his prisoner before the nearest justice.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Have mercy, have mercy, I dream but in vain,
Elisa no more comes to meet me;
A vision deceiving but maddens my brain—
Can the tomb send its tenant to greet me?

When we last quitted Sandron he had not long despatched his servant in search of Jonathan Wild, and lain himself down to endeavour to snatch a short repose. His slumbers were however quickly broken by a little boy, who was announced as anxiously desiring a moment's conversation. Flushed with exertion, out of breath with running, William Hogarth was instantly admitted.

"Oh, sir," exclaimed the boy, without waiting for an interrogatory, "ever since I saw you

I have been watching anxiously for the people you seemed to be in search of — those described in my drawing. At odd hours when father did not want me in the school I have loitered in the streets in the hope of obtaining information, and now, now, sir, I have seen them! This morning before it was light there came a carriage to a door of one of the houses in Tottenham Court Road; I was passing on the other side of the street, and, though the men who were with the carriage looked cautiously about, no one seemed to mind me. They brought two ladies out of the house, and put them in the carriage, and I am sure one of the men was that savage gipsy: they seemed in a great hurry, though they drove slowly away."

"And in what direction?" was eagerly asked by Sandron.

"They drove slowly through the streets at such a pace that I could follow them, but when they passed London Bridge, and struck into the

Dover road, they whipped their horses and were out of sight in a moment."

During the latter part of this information Sandron sprang from his couch like a greyhound from the slips, and, having summoned a servant, ordered his best horse instantly to the door. Armed with sword and pistol, and delaying not for further aid, Sandron mounted and set off in pursuit of the carriage, convinced, from the description which the boy Hogarth gave, that he should recognize it from any other. London Bridge was soon passed, and as Sandron shook the loose rein over the well-known road, the good steed beneath him seemed, from the speed at which he went, scarcely to touch the ground. Stopping only to inquire what carriages had passed that way, and having met with information calculated to confirm him in the belief that the one he sought was but a short distance in advance, Sandron reached the lane leading to the Grove Farm. On being forced to pass the

well-remembered stable, the horse for the first time manifested symptoms of distress; the judicious tightening of the rein and prompt use of the spur however seemed to recall the former vigour of the animal, and they again proceeded at the fastest pace.

As the panting steed surmounted a steep eminence, Sandron gained a view of the carriage he was in pursuit of, and the noise of his horse's hoofs as he descended the hill was heard by the two outriders who had the care of it; they seemed to consult together for a moment, and then to converse with some one in the carriage, after this they again fell back, and leaning on the croups of their horses, they appeared to be calmly watching the hasty approach of their pursuer. Sandron was upon them instantly, the uncertainty of who might be in the carriage, the numbers with whom he had to contend, and the pace at which he had ridden, all combined to rouse the desperate energy of his nature, and it

was a noble sight to see how his broad chest dilated, as with a strong hand and a firm seat he reined in the headlong speed of his foaming horse close by the side of the carriage.

Up to this time neither of the outriders uttered a single word of remonstrance, though at a glance Sandron perceived they were ready for action, and merely watching the course which events might take. He examined the window next him, but those in the inside of the carriage were concealed from his view by curtains; on riding round to the other side, he was thus accosted by the outriders.

"Helloa, sir, what now, do you wish to insult the ladies, or are you a highwayman? In either case it were better for you to desist, as we are armed and have the advantage of numbers; stand off, I say?"

As they uttered this they each of them plunged forward, perhaps a little too eagerly, for Sandron suddenly checking his horse, they shot past

him, when, making no reply, but seeing the envious window curtain within his reach, he dashed the glass to atoms with his hand, and tore the silken veil away, for the first time exclaiming :—"It is Sandron who speaks ! has he a friend in the carriage?"

The words were scarce from his lips, when the shriek of a woman and the report of a pistol were simultaneous ; a man's arm, grasped by a small white hand, had been visible, and the ball which whistled by Sandron's ear had been diverted from its aim by a timely interference. The noise and confusion occasioned by the discharge of the pistol had scarce subsided, when a voice, the tones of which were too familiar to him, exclaimed : — "Sandron, Sandron, it is I. For the love of Heaven save me !"

Sandron needed not another word, but, darting up to the postillion, shot one of the wheel-horses dead. There was not time to draw another pistol ere he was vigorously assailed on either

side, sword in hand, by two well-mounted opponents, one of whom he for the first time recognized as the gipsy Smith. It was then that the lessons given him by his father in the horse and sword exercise stood him in good stead, nor was he long in discovering that if he could prevent his assailants from closing on him together, singly, he was more than a match for either of them. To effect this he was forced to give ground, and by it receded further from the carriage. At this moment, in obedience to a command, one of the men, the gipsy Smith, desisted from the engagement, and galloped back to the carriage, leaving his companion, the best swordsman of the two, in close combat with Sandron, who, in spite of the game for life or death at which he was engaged, perceived that a female figure bearing great resemblance to Louisa Marmaduke was lifted from the carriage upon the horse, and that as the gipsy galloped away with her across the open down, the lady stretched out

her hands to him for assistance. The sight, though it thrilled through Sandron's heart, weakened not his arm, for at the moment at which he beheld his mistress as he believed borne away, his sword brought his antagonist to the ground, when without further delay he spurred in pursuit of the chief object of his anxiety.

It was now that the speed at which he had commenced the chase from London told heavily against him. The horse of the man he followed, though under a double burden, was fresher and quite as fast as his, and able to maintain his speed, while his own was momentarily failing. Away they went over the deep ruts and occasionally broken ground of the common for more than two miles, till the man turned a corner of a lane which led through some enclosures. Sandron was then two hundred yards behind him, and when he entered the lane he was met by a woman, who pointed in the direc-

tion in which he supposed those he was in pursuit of were still flying. The lane was soon passed, but when Sandron once more emerged upon the open down, he beheld to his surprise the same horseman now flying faster than ever, and freed from the double burden he had carried.

Sandron pulled up his reeling horse and looked round for Louisa Marmaduke; the land was wide and open, if the man had let fall a handkerchief there was nothing to conceal it from immediate observation; what then had become of the female figure? He had scarce time to ask himself this question when his own steed fell with him to the ground. It was some moments ere he could disengage his foot from beneath the horse, but when he had done so, he was surrounded by several farming men, who offered their services; these were accepted, and, having given them directions to convey his steed to the nearest shed or stable, he began to

return down the lane, a turn in which had been the cause of concealing those whom he followed from his view. He attempted to trace the foot-marks of the horses, but a thick snow-storm coming on, the possibility of such research was soon out of the question. All that was left now was to retrace the ground he has passed over, when, as he approached the entrance to the lane where he had met the woman, he observed a man in a turnip-field, to whom he applied as to whether he had seen any persons pass on horse-back.

"Yees," replied the shepherd. "I see a man set down a ooman, and then I see another man as met the ooman gollop ater he."

"Fool, idiot that I have been!" exclaimed Sandron, "I have fallen into their device, and been led away on a wildgoose chase I know not whither. The woman whom they placed on the horse was a stranger to me, while Louisa is still left in the power of the villain I most detest on

the face of the earth ! Their carriage is delayed by the dead horse, I may yet be in time to save her."

Thus saying Sandron made all haste to return, and had re-crossed the down or open common, nearly to the high road on which he had left the party, when in turning the corner of some thick bushes he suddenly came directly upon two men in masks, who were standing over the body of a third that was either dead or dying, and which latter he recognized as the outrider who had fallen by his hand.

" It is he !" exclaimed one of those in masks, who seemed to be the leader, and much to resemble Master Surface, as we will still continue to term him, and ere Sandron's sword was fairly out ofthe scabbard, he received the blade of the spokesman grazingly, but with great force in the side, while a tremendous blow on the head from the bludgeon of the other man stretched him senseless on the turf. Sandron lay thus for some

time, and when he was slightly possessed of returning consciousness, he was aware of a motion as if arising from the fact of being borne on the shoulders of men, and soon afterwards of a sensation of greater ease, as though his head was carefully laid on some downy pillow of repose, while his temples and lips were moistened and carefully cherished with refreshing but soothing restoratives.

Though his eyes were closed, he was indistinctly aware of the presence around his couch of familiar whispers, and even of one female figure, whose hand and touch was gentler far than any of the others, whose face was more beautiful, and whose sigh seemed to have slept with all the sweetest flowers in the world, ere it waked to live for a moment on his oppressed and feverish brow; nay, he fancied that the heavenly vision blessed him with the pressure of her beautiful lip, and brought back to his soul the happiest recollections of his life. The dream was beautiful,

and there would have been no pain, no regret, had death stolen upon him clothed in such sweet delusions.

The glorious summer is succeeded by the bleak, the impoverishing and icy grasp of winter; the buoyant spirit of beautiful youth lies crushed at the last beneath the heavy tread and mournful reality of age, and the mysterious delight of the dream, the gorgeous but transitory delineations of the waking soul, lasts not for ever, and Sandron was soon only conscious of bodily pain. The dream still uppermost in his thoughts: — "Louisa," he murmured, "dearest Louisa, are you not near me?"

A light step approached his bed, and a gentle voice, though not the one he seemed to expect, replied: — "Whom did you ask for? I — I am here — Susan — you are at the parsonage near the Grove Farm, is there any service, any comfort in the world I can procure for you?"

A deep sigh, a shudder, as if of the spirit shrinking within itself, was all the notice the sufferer seemed to take of this reply, and Sandron relapsed into a state of insensibility.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Forget thee! no — that fatal pow'r which ruled me at its will,
When first I saw thee, bade me love — and bids me love thee still;
We met full often — now to me those fleeting moments seem
Some fond delusion of the night — some sweet deceptive dream.
Oh short the durance of that bliss — the moments seem'd to fly,
Like fairest flowers in the spring—they blush'd, alas to die:
As blossoms bloom and change to fruit, so let my fond heart be—
Freed from the rust of carnal chains—it beats for Heaven and thee.

When our narrative last parted from Louisa Marmaduke she was stretched on her couch still overpowered by the narcotics which had been administered to her, and it was at the moment when she had been slightly disturbed by the re-

moval from her room of her devoted attendant, Corah: after the removal of the latter all was quiet, so far as her chamber was concerned, Mistress Hayes only appearing at intervals. The nervous indisposition by which Louisa Marmaduke had been attacked had yielded to the remedies applied, when though weak, she regained possession of her wonted energies. The first act of her mind was to revert to the past scenes of her life, and momentarily to rest upon those which were fraught with innocent enjoyment. She thought at first of the Rectory —of her own sweet room—of her father, and then of the loss she had sustained in his death. Gradually and painfully the actual position in which she was still placed was remembered, and she pressed her hand to the pillow of her faithful attendant; but it was no longer pressed by the beautiful cheek of the gipsy girl—it was cold—and when called, poor Corah replied not to her name.

Louisa arose and dressed, and soon after Mistress Hayes appeared with some refreshments. Another day passed in this dreary confinement, when, on the succeeding morning before it was light, Mistress Hayes entered the chamber with some precipitation and announced her Master as seeking an immediate interview. Louisa was soon dressed and Master Surface made his appearance, accompanied by two men in masks, and a well-dressed woman.

"I am about to offer you no unnecessary violence, lady," said Surface, "but circumstances demand that you should instantly accompany me, and that I should guard against surprise." Saying which, and disregarding all intreaty, he muffled Louisa Marmaduke in a cloak, and having secured it over her head, asked her if she would walk quietly or otherwise be carried to the carriage.

She saw it was vain to offer resistance, so she suffered herself to be conducted down the stairs

and to be placed in the carriage, when she became aware from juxtaposition that she was in company with three persons. They proceeded at a slow pace through the streets, as if wishing to avoid particular notice as described by the boy Hogarth, but when they reached the Dover road they hastened on with greater diligence. Relays of horses seemed to have been prepared, and Louisa Marmaduke was leaning back in the carriage and revolving in her mind in what way she had best make an attempt at escape, when the sound of the hoofs of Sandron's swiftly approaching horse was heard — angry voices and his among the rest reached her ear — and, as she tore the cloak from her eyes, the fractured window was driven into the carriage, the arm of Surface raised though grasped by her, and the pistol fired. Then followed the confusion and fight as already described — the lifting of the woman who accompanied her upon the horse, and, while she was prevented by Master Surface

from sign or word, the flight and pursuit of those purposely detached to mislead her gallant deliverer.

The ruse having answered as has been shown, Louisa Marmaduke still found herself in the custody of two men, though the carriage had been broken by the fall of the horse which had been shot by Sandron. The postillions were in the act of endeavouring to repair the damage, when a third party came upon the scene of action, and this was no other than a stout hale old man, evidently a farmer well to do, attended by several of his labourers. Surface had neglected to replace the hood of the cloak upon Louisa's eyes, so the moment the stout old yeoman and his men came leaping down the bank of the field into the road, she shrieked to them for assistance. It was vain now for Surface to attempt to stifle her cries; they had been heard by an honest man whose English heart was alive to the distress of woman, and

rushing to the door of the carriage, followed by five or six stout rustics, Farmer Linden seized upon Surface and dragged him into the road. Surface's companion, who was no other than Colonel Charteris, was quickly by his side—swords were drawn and opposed to pitchforks and bludgeons—Colonel Charteris's sword was broken by a blow, nevertheless he seized the bludgeon and wrested it from the hands of his assailant, when Surface and himself by dint of superior fighting succeeded in making good their retreat, leaving the carriage and Louisa Marmaduke in the hands of those who had so opportunely arrived to her rescue.

Frightened, fainting from the excitement and terror of the scene she had thus witnessed, without waiting for the repair of the carriage, Louisa Marmaduke was borne by Farmer Linden triumphantly to the village, and as it was the first asylum that offered, placed in the house of Master Comfortem, under the care of Susan.

Here every kindness, every care that the most anxious attention could dictate was bestowed on Louisa, and while she was reposing on a sofa in the neat little parlour, and before any explanation had taken place, her eyes fell on a pencil sketch of the head and bust of Sandron, which, framed and glazed, hung by the side of the mantelpiece. Louisa fixed her eyes upon it, and, pointing to the picture asked Susan if she knew the original? "Indeed, lady, I do," was the reply; "if ever sketch was made of one possessing a kind heart and a noble disposition, the gentleman who sat for that portrait is the person. Would you have a favourable and true report of his character you may well ask for it here, for in this house we know as much or more of him than others, and nothing to his discredit."

Though Louisa Marmaduke loved to hear Sandron praised, yet his praise uttered by the lips of a beautiful woman, whose history she knew nothing of, reached her not without alloy;

and as she was impressed with a slight remembrance of having seen Susan before, she inquired how long Sandron had been known to her.

"Oh, lady," replied Susan, "the tale is too long to tell now; it is mixed up, too, with circumstances which might pain me were I to utter them to the ears of a stranger—yet why should they—or if they do pain me, have I not deserved to suffer! I will tell you, lady: Master Sandron found me betrayed from my friends, and in the hands of a villain. Lured from my home and cast almost upon the streets of London, death or a long course of crime was all that seemed offered for my choice; he (pointing to the picture), Master Sandron, came in between me and the misery into which I might but for him have fallen. He saved my life—more than my life—he saved my soul, and from the hideous situation into which my errors had led me, he brought me back to my almost broken-hearted parents, and obtained me grace where condem-

nation only was my due. Oh, lady, never shall I forget the day he rode with me from London to restore me to my home — I never rode with him but then, but were I to do so in a thousand happy days, the recollection of that one journey never could be effaced — his mercy, his tenderness, his attention, are stamped upon my heart for ever."

As Susan said this, blushes and tears seemed to vie with each other in succession, till even the old rough shepherd's dog which lay petted by the fire arose, and seemed anxiously to inquire the reason of her mistress's distress.

"And who was the cause of the fault into which you had been led? Believe me I ask the question from no wanton desire to pain you," rejoined Louisa.

"One," replied Susan, "whose artfulness was only equalled by his depravity, and whose villany knew no bounds; he was known to me by the name of Surface, but I have since heard that his real name is Lord Lovat."

At this moment the door of the parlour opened, and Master Comfortem himself appeared, whom Susan introduced to Louisa as her husband. Louisa Marmaduke then entered into a full description of what had befallen her, and of the attempted rescue by Sandron, disclosing at the same time her own name. Master Comfortem's surprise knew no bounds when he found that the parties concerned in the present transaction were so well and in one instance so bitterly known to him, and he even went to a cupboard as he said to search for a pistol which had been the property of his grandfather, and had done much service in the exclusion of popery, with which he affirmed he would go forth upon the road to bring the destroyer to justice. Ere he obtained his weapon, however, Farmer Linden and his party had been to take possession of the carriage which they had left with the postillions, and to bring away the body of the wounded man; their steps were heard returning, and

Master Comfortem contented himself with looking from the window.

"Hey, Susan!" he exclaimed, "dear me, what new mischief can have happened! thy father bringeth two that have been slain; see, his people bear one to the neighbouring hostelrie, while the other abideth at my door; he may be only wounded and need some spiritual consolation—I will hie me to my duty;" saying this, Master Comfortem drew in his head from the window, at which he was succeeded by the ladies: the curate was then proceeding at a pace befitting the dignity of the church, from the door of the apartment, but to his inexpressible surprise his companions, whom he had left at the window, darted past him on the stairs, and were at the entrance door at the moment that it was opened.

Sandron, for it was him, had just been lifted from the hurdle on which he had been borne, and was being carried into a spare chamber;

his cheek was pale, his brow marked with blood, and he looked the very image of death. Susan and Louisa arrived at the foot of the stairs together, a shriek was heard, and the latter fell into the arms of Linden. Sandron was then placed in a comfortable apartment, and all that skill could invent or reason dictate was done in his service; the doctor pronounced the wound in his side a mere scratch, and one that would not have confined him an hour, but the blow on his head was severe, though not attended with any immediate danger; the patient, he said, was stunned, but in no way seriously injured. After Sandron had been put to bed, Louisa glided into his room, knelt by his bedside in an agony of tears, prayed for him, leaned over him, chafed his brows and held cooling applications to his throbbing temples; as she did this Susan observed that her attention became riveted to a golden locket which Sandron wore suspended round his neck; Louisa drew it forth, opened it,

and gazed with intense astonishment for a moment at its contents, returned it safely to its resting-place, pressed her lips upon the pale brow of Sandron, and then wept as she knelt at the foot of the bed as if the source of tears had been long pent up by the chilling blasts of the world, but were now loosed by some magic touch, mild, melting, but of overwhelming power.

During this time Master Comfortem, who had been a silent spectator of all that had passed, seemed utterly at a loss what course to pursue. "Surely, surely," he kept muttering to himself, "it were better that the young lady were not in the room of the gentleman. Lo, propriety is outraged, and I, by my presence, may be justly condemned for having sanctioned so unseemly a proceeding."

When Louisa looked at the locket and pressed her lips on Sandron's brow, even words were denied to the good curate, and he could only portray the confusion of his mind by an as-

tonished stare on Susan. Of this his wife took no heed, so pacing softly up to Farmer Linden, who stood looking on with a countenance whose honest lineaments portrayed the deepest satisfaction, Master Comfortem whispered,

"Good father Linden, let not us connive at these things; who have we here? doth not the bearing of this strange damsel, of quality though she be, betray too much of a forgetfulness of decorum? let her not remain in the room; if she forgetteth her place, 'twere right in us to remind her."

"Poor young thing," replied Farmer Linden, seeming scarce to have understood the purport of Master Comfortem's address, "I don't wonder at her distress — I don't wonder at all the women loving him; 'drat me, if 'twould do the young gentleman a morsel of good I'd fetch my old dooman up to kiss him too."

At this audacious annunciation of his father-in-law, the good curate shrank into a corner of

the room, whence he continued to watch the countenance of his wife, in the vain hope that she would betray some slight disapprobation of that which he deemed so decidedly improper.

At this moment the sound of several horses' feet were heard beneath the windows, and a servant came to say that there was a party below who in the queen's name requested admittance. Master Comfortem repaired to give them an audience, when the worthy constable, Jonathan Wild, made his appearance in company with several of the Life Guards, and producing his warrant for the apprehension of Master Surface, stated that it was also his instructions to convey the lady with whom that individual was in company directly to the palace. The royal mandate was conveyed to Louisa Marmaduke by Master Comfortem, but nevertheless force might not altogether have been unnecessary to have removed her from Sandron's bedside, had not the doctor in attend-

ance have assured her that from the anxiety she manifested for the sufferer's recovery, the patient himself in recognizing her might also be deeply affected, a circumstance most anxiously to be avoided, as all excitement in cases of concussion of the brain were prone to retard convalescence.

Reluctantly, and with many a longing, lingering look, Louisa Marmaduke was led to the carriage which had now been sufficiently repaired, and while Wild either went or pretended to go in pursuit of Master Surface, an escort of the Life Guards conducted her to town, and having delivered her to the palace, Louisa Marmaduke found herself under the care of the Duchess of Marlborough.

When Sandron once more awakened from his state of insensibility, he again asked where he was.

"You are in the house of your devoted friends," replied Susan; "it is I, it is I who am watching you."

"You, Susan, is it *only* you?" murmured the patient; "alas! but why do I ask! my brain has but been deceived by dreams as sweet as they were illusive, and, like the hothouse plant, my mind has been induced to bloom by the unnatural warmth of an artificial summer. Pardon me, Susan, dear Susan, I dreamed that I was surrounded by *all* that I loved in the world, and that the sweet companion of my childhood, forgiving and forgetful of all wrongs, once more smiled upon my pillow. Where! where is she?" he continued, raising himself on his arm, as a confused recollection of the circumstances rushed upon his mind, "oh! I have failed in her rescue, and she is now lost to me for ever! away, I *must* away?"

But Susan flew to his bedside, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, exclaimed: "She is safe, she is safe, dear Master Sandron! not only is she safe, but she has been here—has seen you, has wept over you, and only tore herself away

in obedience to her sovereign's commands that she would instantly repair to the palace. Calm yourself, I entreat, that you may the sooner participate in the joy within your reach."

Soothed, blessed with these assurances, Sandron sunk into a deep and refreshing repose, in which we must leave him to follow the fortunes of Louisa Marmaduke.

When she arrived in town, apartments were provided for her at the palace, and as soon as she had in some measure recovered from the fatigues occasioned by late occurrences, she was visited by the Duchess of Marlborough and the Lady Margaret Bonville. Nothing could be kinder or more affectionate than their attention, the one appearing in the light of a mother, while the other filled the place of a graceful and devoted sister. Won by their attention, Louisa Marmaduke told her history from beginning to end, little dreaming that at the time she so confessed, she inflicted pains upon the youngest of

her hearers, the effect of which even the sympathy felt for her own trials and misfortunes was scarcely able to conceal.

Many girls placed in the situation of Lady Margaret would have been angry at the conduct of Sandron, and perhaps have felt any thing but friendship for one evidently possessing the largest share in his affections; it was not so with her—far otherwise. She seemed to blame herself, and was disposed to regard her reception of Sandron's addresses as an injury done to Louisa to be atoned for only by future kindness. Even now, perceptible as were the faults of Sandron, and aggravated as they had been by the envious multitude who, by the detraction of others, wished to excuse their vices or strengthen the appearance of their own virtues, she loved him with an affection pure as a sister's, and, instead of desiring to arraign and blazon his many faults, she only felt sedulous to conceal them. To love him as a sister, to witness his

happiness, and to share his confidence and aid him in the brilliant career which she desired him to pursue through life, and felt that he was calculated to fulfil, was henceforth to be her calm but determined gratification. The queen became greatly interested in the welfare of Louisa Marmaduke, and caused the fact of her recovery from the hands of her abductors to be communicated to Lady Monkton, as also her residence at court; this was effected through the Duchess of Marlborough, but in such cool terms as plainly to indicate that Lady Monkton's visit to her niece was neither necessary nor desired.

No t so was the intelligence conveyed to Sandron Hall; on the contrary, with the annunciation of Louisa's safety there arrived an invitation tantamount to a command, for the immediate appearance at court of Sir Stamford and Lady Sandron. This communication from their sovereign caused the good old knight and his lady no little consternation and trouble. Court

dresses which had lain in dignified repose for many years were to be brought to light, and altered or altogether thrown aside for the introduction of new fashions and regulations. The state-coach which for a length of time had been the proud resting-place of the favourite sultana of the old gamecock, whose life had so lately been sacrificed to the ambition of his young master, was dragged into light and rubbed up into such a state of unwonted brilliancy, that the fowls who used to be so familiarly acquainted with its profundity would not then enter the yard or close in which it was placed ; in short the royal mandate brought about such a metamorphosis and so much activity in many of the departments of Sandron Hall, that the old steward declared, thin as he was, (stewards, as has been remarked elsewhere, generally are thin when their masters are well to do) he should be reduced to a mere skeleton of humanity if the preparations for a visit to court were to last much longer.

Fortunately for the steward all arrangements were shortly after completed, and as Sir Stamford would listen to a sojourn at no other place than the Hercules' Pillars, his old servant and retainer had the joy of entertaining his ci-devant lord and master. On the day of his appearance at court, Sir Stamford Sandron missed his full-dress sword, when on demanding it of his servant, after some delay the white-haired old man made his appearance, bearing a weapon of another description, and making the following announcement.

"Please you, Sir Stamford, I ha' forgotten to bring your honour's full-dress sword, but here is your favourite fowling-piece!"* This weapon however not being suited to the occasion, and a richer sword than usual having been procured, Sir Stamford and Lady Sandron kissed the hands of their sovereign, and once more clasped to their hearts the beautiful girl whose earliest years they had watched over and tended with parental care.

* A mistake similar to this actually occurred to the late Lord Grantley.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Alas! the little joy to man allowed
Fades like the lustre of an evening cloud,
Or like the beauty in a flower install'd,
Whose season was—and cannot be recall'd.

WORDSWORTH.

IN the course of twenty-four hours, Sandron was sufficiently recovered to quit his kind friends at the Parsonage, and to proceed to London. His own horses having arrived, in spite of the well-intended solicitations of Master Comfortem that a journey succeeding so soon to indisposition should be performed on an easy, spiritless pony such as the field of the good curate afforded, Charles Sandron rode forth on his return to court, resolving for reasons which still haunted his mind with their melancholy

forebodings to proceed thither across the Horse-ferry at Westminster.

Having arrived at this point of his destination he could not help but remark that the ferry-boat was unusually full of passengers, all going from the Surrey side of the river, and that they seemed to converse together on some subject of public interest. His mind being too much occupied with other matters, he took at the moment no further notice of these facts, but when he landed at Westminster, and observed crowds of people hurrying towards St. Margaret's church, from an undefined feeling for which he could not well account, though the palace and the promise of once more beholding Louisa Marmaduke under the happiest circumstances lay before him, as if lured by some result in which he was deeply concerned, he joined the throng, and proceeded in the direction of the church. So great was the concourse of people assembled around some object in the

churchyard which was placed but a few yards within the fence, that at first he could only descry that there was something affixed to a pole, but on dismounting and forcing his way through the crowd, with the additional strength given to him by the then awfully excited state of his feelings, he soon saw that it was the head of a female thus rudely exposed, and that raven-black hair, still beautiful in its luxuriant length, streamed mournfully and wildly in the wind.

There is nothing which so soon commands the respect and attention of the vulgar as energy, let it spring from whatever cause it may. An energetic spokesman will arrest attention — energy in personal strife lures favourable opinions — but the energy of grief, the dignity of sorrow, the deep diapason of the heart heard in the stifled moan or compressed sigh, and seen in the quivering of the lip, commands attention allied to devotion, and awes if it does not tear-

fully move the rude heart of the otherwise unfeeling boor. Such was the case with Sandron; in the disfigured feature, in the dim and sightless eye, and in every wave of the long and well-remembered hair, he read at once the fatal truth, and pressed forward to avenge the foul and barbarous murder of the gipsy Corah, the bystanders, who hitherto had been rudely jesting, and jostling each other, making instantaneous way for him, exclaiming, "Room, room! for the gentleman — who brings intelligence." When he had passed through the crowd and gained admittance to the high-bailiff and constables who were in attendance, had any doubts as to the recognition of the head remained on his mind, they were dispelled, for at the foot of the pole there lay couched a poor little timid, half-starved, and trembling dog, who at the sound of Sandron's voice sprang up to meet him, and having manifested all the delight in its feeble power, howled as if its faithful

heart would break. It then looked up wistfully at the head, and again curled itself in its former situation as if resolved to perish with the remains of one possessed even in death of its single-purposed fidelity.

Sandron, scarcely able to articulate, made the high-bailiff comprehend that he knew the head, and demanded instant speech of the nearest justice of the peace. The demand was soon passed from one to the other, and its purport received with shouts from the populace, when Sandron and the officers followed by the crowd immediately hastened to Justice Lambert.

Other magistrates having been summoned, Sandron's deposition was taken down in writing, declaring the head to have belonged to the wife of the gipsy Smith, often in attendance on and employed by one Simon Surface, or otherwise Simon Fraser, commonly called Lord Lovat, and recommending that the latter personage as well as the gipsy Smith should be immediately

taken into custody. He then advised the magistrates to have young Hogarth brought before them, as it was in the boy's power to shew the house from which the carriage departed, and which carriage Sandron himself knew contained one of the parties, and was attended in the capacity of outrider by the other.

The magistrates having endeavoured to comply with these directions, Mistress Hayes was brought up from Newgate, whither she had been remanded, and placed face to face with Sandron, who immediately recognized her as one often employed by the same parties, and whom he had also seen egressing from a house in Tottenham Court Road, which could be better attested by the boy Hogarth.

At this stage of the proceedings a gentleman and his servant arrived at the office, desiring an interview with the magistrates, which being granted, they deposed that as they were riding that morning across the Marybone fields they

observed something lying in a ditch, which to their horror they discovered to be portions of a human body; having procured the assistance of some labouring men, they then dragged a neighbouring pond, and discovered other fragments, so as to complete the remains of a woman, short only of the head.

On the entrance of these witnesses, and on their first declaration of intelligence, Mistress Hayes was for a moment observed to lose her self-possession, but when the purport of their information had transpired, she gradually resumed her firm and hardened manner. Persisting still in her innocence, she was about to be again remanded, when Sandron suggested to the magistrates the following questions.

"You are married, Mistress Hayes, are you not?"

She replied "I am."

"Where is your husband? we wish to bring him before us."

"I don't know."

"Not know! when did you last see him?"

"Not for some days."

"How many days?"

"I can't exactly say."

"Come, you surely can tell us whether it was ten days ago, or whether it was two, now which was it?"

"It was three days ago."

"Where did you last see him?"

"In our house in Tottenham Court Road."

"When did he leave you?"

"Before daylight in the morning."

"Why, or for what purpose did he leave you?"

"Why," she replied, "your worships, I'll speak the truth, as I see the light of this blessed day." She then entered into much the same statement as she had previously made to Wild, declaring that her husband had fled to Portingal, on account of a threatened information against

him for previous misdeeds, and that that was all she knew of the matter.

At this time there was a bustle at the office-door, as on the arrival of some one of importance, and Jonathan Wild, unaccompanied by any prisoner, made his appearance.

This faithful functionary declared that, having failed in his pursuit and apprehension of Master Surface, from some information he received he returned immediately to London, and to the house lately inhabited by the prisoner Mistress Hayes.

Here he stopped and waited for further question from the justices, and Mistress Hayes, who had scarcely raised her eyes to him on his entrance, now fixed a stedfast dogged glance upon his countenance. He saw how she was occupied, and returned the look with one at once apparently even mild and reproachless.

"Well," said one of the shallow-pated justices, who had once been in the navy, and having

been found wanting, was put on shore and seated on the judicial bench, having nothing more of the superior officer about him than was contained in an overbearing degree of self-importance, unrestrained testiness, and a resolution that his office rendered him personally irresponsible for all impertinence. "Well," reiterated this shallow justice. "Cannot the fellow speak? tell us all you know."

The expression of Jonathan's small grey eyes as they turned from the prisoner to the bench was not very complimentary to the sense of importance he awarded to his superiors, but he continued:—

"On arriving at the house I found the doors locked and no one within, so, having procured assistance, I broke open the window, and from appearances at the mouth of a small drain was led strictly to search the back parlour, which had been used for a bedroom. Observing that the floor had been lately removed, I raised some portions of it."

"Stay. You raised some portions of it, of what?" asked another of the magistrates, who, having been bred to the bar, but being found briefless, was also seated on the ill-used bench. By reason of this man's education he was listened to with deference on all legal points in question or dispute, when it was invariably found that any creature with common sense knew more of the law than he did: nevertheless, he *had* been bred to the bar, and was supposed to be a vase in which its worth had once been distilled, and therefore to retain a portion of its perfume — sweet in the nostrils of his benched but consummately-ignorant brethren. They made a "wonder of this poor drunkard," and listened to the repetition of his question.

"You said you raised some portion of it — of what?"

"Of the floor," replied Jonathan.

"Of the floor?" repeated the briefless barrister.

"And then," continued Wild, "I found that woman's husband, not alive, but dead, with his throat cut from ear to ear."

A loud noise as of a fall immediately followed this announcement, and amidst a general shudder of horror, Mistress Hayes, who had sunk insensibly to the floor, was carried into an adjoining apartment.

While she was absent Wild spoke to his knowledge of a quarrel between the gipsy and his wife, and of threats which the former had been known to utter of his intention to "do for her," and while he raised suspicions amounting to certainty as to the fact of Mistress Hayes as well as Smith being either principals or accessaries in the murders then under consideration, he carefully avoided all mention of Master Surface, and even treated any allusion to his name as foreign to the matter.

In a short time Mistress Hayes was re-conducted into the justice-room, restored to her

senses, but in no way softened or moved to communication. On entering she exchanged a glance with Jonathan Wild—her's being one of concentrated and sullen malignity, while his was as before that of a man at peace with all the world and having simply performed a necessary duty. Having been cautioned not to say any thing to commit herself, she was asked if she wished to make any declaration touching the death of her husband: the only reply was that she was innocent, when having refused to utter another word, she was committed to Newgate to take her trial.

Wild having received a warrant for the apprehension of Smith, and other matters having been disposed of, the justices then commanded the constables to remove the head from St. Margaret's churchyard, and to convey it to one Master Westbrook a surgeon, with orders to him to preserve it in spirits, in case it might be necessary to produce it in future examinations.

Some other business then occupied the attention of Justice Lambert, who in the absence of his colleagues generally managed to take a clear-sighted view of Acts of Parliament, and acting fully and fairly up to the letter of the law in all cases, without reference to his personal likings or dislikings, contrived to dispense justice and to keep her laws respected. In circumstances of guilt he awarded the full or mitigated penalty as the nature of the facts seemed to require, and never suffered offenders against the laws to be given time in which to pay their fines, simply for the reason, that to obtain a given sum of money, addicted to dishonesty and crime as they were, according to all natural probability the offenders would resort to their usual practices in the endeavour to make a successful delinquency pay for one that had brought a debt upon their shoulders.

Justice Lambert was about to clear his office and recruit himself with a substantial joint and

bottle of port wine, when an unusual hubbub and confusion of voices reached his ears, and the constables who had been sent to remove the head with confusion and terror in their looks returned to make the following report. The old watchman of the night who had first found the head, and in whose care during Sandron's examination by the justices it had remained, being pushed forward as spokesman, appeared in sorry plight, for neither hat nor wig decked his head, and the official staff that should have been in his hand was missing.

"Please your worship," he began, "I was a doing of my duty in guard upon the head, and did but just toddle off a few paces, may be to tell some neighbours that it was like the critters what done it would be testified, when 'hilloa!' says they, 'old dad look out, for I 'm blessed if there an't a roughish-looking customer a pulling at the pole, and endeavouring to swathe up it like mad, the little dog too seems a-grubbing at

his heels quite wenomous, as if he'd pull 'em to pieces, bating that he an't got strength in his blessed jaws to do it.' Up I whips my staff, which lay not a hundred yards off, and calling on all folks in the queen's name to haid me and insist, I rooshes right for the willain; afore I comes nigh him, seeing as he had a great bludgeon in his hand and was determined to have the head or nothing, I remimbers the dignity of my hoffice, and that in your worship's absence I might be said to represent her majesty, so I restrains myself, and steps proudly along; jist then, as it was no time to think of the earth, I kicks my toe against the grave of a little hinnocent christian, what warn't no bigger nor my hat, and with that over I goes. Springing to my feet as soon as my great coat would let me, the tails of which had somehow or other hampered themselves with my head, I looks again where my duty lay, and I sees the willain, finding as the pole was too slippery for him to swathe,

as good reason it should, for 'tis the wery one used at last Greenwich fair, a top o' which to stick the leg o' mutton for the sweeps to climb for, and had been well greased, a shaking of it again like mad, till down topples the poor female head, and, snatching it up under his coat, off he bolts with it for the fields, and I and the folks a shouting and a running ater him. Howsomedever, I 'm after thinking as them as was about the place never wished to stop him, and as for me, the little boys and girls kept so a getting in my way, as I soon became quite blumfusticated, and that your worship is the whole truth, for I won't tell no lies."

The old watchman having delivered himself thus far, looked round the office for approbation or reprehension, he knew not which. Justice Lambert soon satisfied him upon that point with the following remarks.

"So the fact was that you had neglected your duty and deserted your post to gossip with your

neighbours and friends, or perhaps with those who pretended to be so, but who were intent only on having the head removed. You say you represented her majesty! better say at once that you were an old woman, and because you were more infirm, timid, and incapable than all the rest in your parish, you were set by the parochial leaders to a duty fit only to be filled by the most active, intelligent, and resolute men. It is always so—the constable or beadle of a parish is a sort of plaything set up for the merriment of ragged boys, and not to administer the laws of justice. There, go, old man, and I will recommend that your office be better filled for the future."

Wild, who had not left the office, was then ordered to repair to the spot, and endeavour, by footmarks or otherwise, to trace out some clue to the mystery. So far as could be gathered from the rambling statement of the old watchman, the description of the person who had taken the head away tallied much with the appearance of the gipsy Smith.

Sandron had tarried through the whole of these proceedings, his heart oppressed by sorrow at the fate of poor Corah, when remembering her little dog and its miserable appearance he resolved to return to St. Margaret's churchyard, and take it under his protection. Thither he repaired, and having asked some of the by-standers if they had seen the little dog which had lain at the foot of the pole, one of them, a boy, replied that, when the man shook the head down from its situation and made off with it, the little dog though very weak followed barking and snapping with the greatest fury at his heels, and that since that time it had never returned. Sandron then rode directly for the palace.

CHAPTER XL.

Oh, welcome this sunbeam, it gladdens my spirit,
The same as it did when it waked me at first,
From this blooming valley I seem to inherit
Each bliss during life that my bosom has nursed.
I've roved in sweet places, and kissed the fair flowers
That lured and enchanted my wandering wing,
But still I feel none were possessed of such powers
As one in the valley of which I now sing.
Oh! I have been wantonly, foolishly flying,
I've passed over gems, and a rover I've proved;
And now, when the bloom on my wing may be dying,
I feel I have fled from the best to be loved.

HAVING arrived at the palace Sandron immediately requested an interview with the Duchess of Marlborough, and having been ushered into that lady's presence, he was received with much semblance of anger: she thus addressed him.

"So, my good youth, we, particularly her

majesty, have been somewhat entertained and enlivened with the recital of your love affairs. Truly it seemeth that your great ambition hath assailed the hearts of nearly the whole court; nay, I have been necessitated to take myself severely to task to ascertain whether, without my being aware of it, I might not in one way or other have been the victim of that subtle palmistry with which common rumour seems to have invested you: tell me, have you practised on my credulity, and do you dare to believe that you hold me as well as others a willing captive in your chains?"

"Your grace," replied Sandron, longing to come to the point as to Louisa Marmaduke's residence in the palace, "is pleased to banter me; I know not of the passages to which you allude."

"Excellent young man," rejoined the Duchess, "endowed with caution beyond your years; have you the assurance to declare to my face

that you have not professed affection for the Lady Margaret Bonville, Dame Louisa Marmaduke, Mistress Masham, and at least twenty others? Why the whole court rings with your variable partialities, for I conclude you will not permit me to call them wanton attachments. On my word, I do not see what there is about you to establish such a questionable fame, or must I agree with the satirical Dryden when he says—

> 'Our thoughtless sex is caught by outward form
> And empty noise, and loves itself in man.'"

"Madame, your grace is pleased to be severe at my expense," replied Sandron; "but if I have in any way offended my gracious mistress, her majesty, or otherwise displeased the Duchess of Marlborough, the pain I feel would amply punish the fault of which it would be my misfortune to have been guilty."

"Well spoken, young man," said the Duchess; "but see, a fresh visiter is announced, the good

Dean Swift, and well pleased am I to see him. You are come at the right time, most reverend counsellor, for behold this gay Lothario (pointing to Sandron), he much needs spiritual castigation, and must be roughed a little to keep him in his place, or faith, he would turn our demure and feminine court into a playground for his follies, and out of his love pranks we should have the Tory prints whipping up such syllabubs of scandal, froth, and trifle, as to overflow every basin John Bull could offer to his greedy lips."

"Indeed, your grace," replied the reverend chaplain with great gravity, "I most exceedingly regret that the good youth, for whom I have ever felt the yearnings of compassion, should have so far misconducted himself; hath he been full of insipid life and nonsense, noise and flutter, is the lad loud and talkative, is he a fine gay gentleman who smiles, sings, and dresses? if so he is a dangerous man in queen-ruled courts, in country, town, and city, and

likely to be the source of infinite calamity to female reputation and married men. Oh! he is the very creature to represent to the imagination of a wife her faithful prudent husband as an honest, tractable, and domestic lap-dog, and to turn her thoughts upon his vastly superior and more agreeable self. Upon my life, duchess, I would not trust myself in such society."

"I am much obliged to your reverence," replied Sandron, highly amused at the avidity with which Swift availed himself of the opportunity to indulge in his sarcastic humour against the sex generally, and therefore against the Duchess, "I am fully aware of your opinions as regard the blissful state of matrimony and its pleasant reliances; in this instance I am in the light or rather in the darkness of an injured innocent, suffering he knows not why;" then turning to the Duchess: "Will your grace have the goodness to inform me if one in whom I have some reason to be interested, inasmuch as we were

bred up together, is at present under the royal roof; I allude to one who was once to me a sister — to Miss Louisa Marmaduke."

"Hear him!" exclaimed the Duchess; "listen to his audacity, he dares to ask for one, when he knows he wishes to hear of another! Oh, *Master Sandron, the sooner thou dost beget thee to thine ancient Hall the better!*"

"But," said Swift, "who is the other that he really seeks for? Come, good youth, unburthen thy bosom; is there any other damsel in whom thou art interested?"

"Yes," replied Sandron boldly, "there is one who must be dear to every soul, blessed in her acquaintance; I would fain hear if the Lady Margaret Bonville is in this vicinity!"

"Hear him, hear him again!" cried Swift; "'stultitiam patiunter opes,' their folly pleads the privilege of wealth; these gay Lotharios will be the death of me; what! ask after two ladies, and yet forget that star which threatens

to rise so rapidly, and at present presides over the privileges of the Commons House of Parliament, and glitters above the Speaker's chair! Young man, young man, you have forgotten Mistress Masham."*

Sandron, who in this allusion to her rival saw another obvious hit at the Duchess, became aware that there was no real anger at court against him; he therefore assumed an air of great perplexity, and replied by a quotation from Pope: —

> "What would you have me do
> When out of twenty I can please not two?
> One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
> The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg:
> Hard task to hit the palate of such guests!

"But, all joking apart, my good dear Duchess of Marlborough, have you seen my quondam sister?"

"Yes, young man, I have," replied the

* Her known intimacy with Harley.

Duchess evidently put out of temper by Swift's allusions, "and be you safely assured that she has quitted this palace, that she holds your conduct to be disgraceful to your head and heart, as does the Lady Margaret also, but I advise you that as the queen commands your presence to-morrow, you take no further steps towards explanation or elucidation of the motives by which you have been actuated till you have her majesty's most gracious permission."

Hurt at this announcement, yet still perplexed by the half-bantering mood in which the Duchess of Marlborough had commenced, Sandron remained a silent spectator of rather than a listener to the conversation which followed.

"Your reverence seems to be uncommonly taken with the growing merits of the vulgar woman you have mentioned as ruling it over Harley. In good faith, I see as little to admire as fear," said the Duchess, addressing Swift. "Should she even attain an ascendency and

turn her short-lived power to a wrong account, she can never hope to establish the Tories in their former overwhelming power."

"So it pleases you to say, my good Duchess, and so have the Whigs said whenever their star seemed to be in the ascendant," replied Swift, "but rest assured that so long as there is life in a Tory he will stand by his party; they are unlike the Whigs in every point except their love of office. Dissensions were never known to creep in among their ranks, whether in religious or temporal matters, and like a flock of sheep, let their leader but jump the ditch, and every one of his followers are sure to be in or over it. Look on the contrary at our ranks, of which, though we can boast in them some of the leading families of the kingdom, the interstices are filled up by adventurous men, clever though they may be, yet who, having nothing to lose, care not what dangers may lie on the face of the cards, so that there may be honours for their single

hands. There is not a man among the Whigs, however small his pretensions, who does not aspire to be a leader, while the Tories, content with some wise and experienced general, like good soldiers charge only at his will and bidding, and therefore as a body are sure eventually to conquer. They may be dispersed, popular commotion and temporary fanaticism to particular measures may overwhelm them for a time, but under every difficulty they still keep in view their rallying point, and the general always knows where to lay his hand on a sufficient force to make a respectable impression."

"I hate you, Master Swift, when you are in these disagreeable humours," said the Duchess; "however, as you are but half a Whig, only half of what you say may be believed; in church affairs, because you fear that they may touch your fat tithings or your pocket, you differ from the Whigs, but in temporal matters from the Tories. You really are aware, if you would not

shut your eyes to the fact, that the Tories have a failing cause, and that their career, which has lasted too long already, is speedily coming to a close."

"I grant your Grace," rejoined Swift, "that the power of the Tories cannot stand as it has formerly done; it has become too overbearing for the times in which we live; had they reformed their method a little, a very little, to the liberalities of the hour, they might have still held their dominion, but like the overgorged serpent, their drowsy power scarce knows how to care for its own safety; there is a want of delicacy in their tyranny which must shock even the most sluggish mind and drive it into action. Take, for instance, their inquiries into controverted elections; the Borough of Hindon has been convicted of bribery and disfranchised, yet there has been no vote passed against the person who exercised that corruption, simply because he was a Tory. Again, they declared Mr. Howe duly

elected for Gloucestershire, though the majority of the electors were palpably and obviously against him.

"Why your Grace is aware too that the sun of your own immediate hemisphere is in opposition to you. Sir John Packington's motion against the Bishop of Worcester and his son for interference at elections has been carried, and the counter address of the lords failed even to continue the bishop in his situation of almoner to your royal mistress. How can you hope to destroy a power supported as it is in the Lords and Commons, and finding such favour at court? Why any Government, I care not whether Whig or Tory, would be swimming with a mill-stone round its neck, were it to attempt to carry on the affairs of the state with the crowned head directly in opposition, particularly in the instance of a female court, for," with a bow to the Duchess, "it is well known to what extent women can rule their husbands and lovers; and the Lord knows how much

mischief to a state, or at least to a ministry, might be worked up or covertly induced by an opposition of Mistresses of the Robe, Ladies of the Bedchamber, and Maids of Honour : sooth, many of the men forming a cabinet are little more than old women, and what stand could they make against the pertinacious powers of the softer sex, their wit, their youth, and beauty ? "

" Of a verity," replied the Duchess, " you do our poor sex too great honour in attaching so much importance to their endeavours, as you do to the increasing power of the abigail, Mistress Masham ; she is simply in occasional attendance on my royal mistress, but at present has no more power over her than she has over me ; you may just as well call her good-looking as fear *her* offices !"

" Good-looking," replied Swift, anxious perhaps to say that which might put his imperious friend into a better humour (strange ! that even the most lofty mind should be accessible to the

application of such sallies). "Good-looking! Madame, I detest a three-cornered figure; points! all points! I could hang my hat on some of them, and as Dryden says—

> With curls on curls she builds her head before,
> And mounts it with a formidable tow'r:
> A giantess she seems; but look behind—
> And *there* she dwindles to the pigmy kind.

But the hour wears late, and I must kiss your grace's hands."

So saying, Swift arose to take his leave, as did Sandron also, but the Duchess called the latter to return.

"My good young friend," she began, "listen to me for a moment, and take advice before it becomes too late. The queen is aware of your levity as regards more than one of the court beauties; you have no friend in Lady Jersey, and she would be delighted to detach an old Whig family like your's from the court, and to fill its place with one professing her own principles. Even the Whig families, I am sorry to say it,

are jealous of each other, and because you are handsome, clever, and popular with the queen, and with our sex generally, their aspiring young men are jealous of you, and would if they could poison the queen's ear against you. Do you give them no opportunity; the Lady Margaret Bonville is a great protegée of her majesty's; consult *your* future welfare and *her* happiness; a word to the wise is sufficient, and now fare you well."

Sandron kissed the hand of the Duchess and withdrew, but had not taken many steps along the corridor when he met the Lady Margaret. She stopped abruptly when she recognized him, and would have retreated, but advancing and taking her hand Sandron conducted her into an adjoining apartment, the door of which stood invitingly open. Passively, without an effort to prevent it, she suffered him to lead her whither he pleased, as if too much occupied with internal emotions to attend to other circumstances,

when, having placed himself by her side upon a sofa, he thus addressed her:

"You see before you, Lady Margaret, one who scarcely dares hope that you will forgive him, as he conceives that you have been made aware of the peculiarities of his situation, and that perhaps not in the most favourable manner. Hate, condemn and despise me, if so it shall be your pleasure, but nevertheless let me assure you of my unaltered admiration, ay, and of the affection if your goodness will permit the term, of a more than devoted brother, one, Lady Margaret, who would lay down his life to serve you, and whose deep debt of gratitude can never be forgotten."

For a moment Lady Margaret was silent, and an appearance of tears suffused her beautiful eyes; their drops however were strongly and painfully restrained, and thus with an effort she replied:

"I will not permit it, Master Sandron, you

have nothing to ask *my* forgiveness for; your pleading in that respect had better be addressed to one who has a superior claim upon your duty than could ever have belonged to me. I have seen her, conversed with her, she opened her guileless heart to me as one sister would have done to another, and in her long-nursed and still enduring affection for you, I recognized by contrast my own false position, and I thank God I have been made aware of it in time. Your love for me was but the gleam of a passing sunbeam, while that which you feel or ought to feel for her is the source, the throne of a pure and imperishable light, that if unsullied and permitted to break forth in all its natural splendour must eventually be the glorious summer of your future life. Ask *me* not for forgiveness, but let *us* beseech it at the hands of one we had so nearly wronged. I would go with you to her, kneel at her feet and tell her that I loved you once as she did, but that the flowers and blos-

soms of my devotedness had fallen or resolved themselves into the more lasting fruit of sisterly affection, that I wished her to know *all*, as the reservation of a single thought connected with you from her would seem a sinful robbery. Oh! Charles, my affection for you cannot change like a garment of fashion; there was no sin in its commencement, and in its refined and altered nature there shall be none now. As I have ever prayed to Heaven to protect and prosper all your undertakings, so will I still pray, nor shall I blush to think that in the book of fate the petition is indelibly engraven."

There was something so refined and beautiful in her tone and manner when she said this that Sandron knelt by her side, and even rested his burning forehead on the hand which she did not withdraw. The sentiments she uttered were so unlike those he had experienced from others in his gay but brief acquaintance with the world that they surprised and held captive the less

heavenly sensations of his nature, and made him feel that it scarce could be deemed a sin to worship so pure and gifted a creature. They were each silent for a space, when she again addressed him.

"Go, Charles," she said, "we must never again be alone together; the world shall not have it in its power to whisper aught against me, even in its cold, searching, and it may be envious observation, will I study the appearance of virtue, as well as implicitly and religiously follow out its real and undeviating purpose. In return for these assurances, one only request have I to prefer — it is, that if you change in your professed affection for me, if you grow tired of that anxiety I shall ever feel in your welfare, and of its manifestation however slight, then all I ask is that you will at once and without hesitation tell me the truth. Nay, do not profess the impossibility of your doing so, I imagine all you would say; but if *such* a time

should arrive, and my sisterly affection should be valueless in your eyes, do not attempt to deceive me, you could not if you would, but at once declare the fact, and I will never cross your path again. Remember, we have each seen and looked into the customs and inclination of society, and have recognized the hideous form of Vice, cloaked and decked with all that could disguise and render less unseemly the depravity of its features. We have learnt a lesson taught only by experience, and let us profit by it. I cannot, dare not think that you will ever become a systematic follower of woman, or one of those who glory in the power and practice of deceit; were I to do so I must despise you. If temptations beset you, if the witcheries of the world lie prostrate in your path and dazzle that they may lure you to deviate from the strict line of virtue, if strange women seek to win you to their side, recollect that those lips, those hearts which would murmur and open to you

have teemed with the same professions for others, while mine—these that counsel you in the line you ought to pursue—have been sealed against all advances, and that in the surrounding wilderness to me there has never bloomed but one flower, whose sweetness could bring solace to my bosom. Go, Charles, seek your Louisa, she loves you tenderly and faithfully, and when once you find her, there pin your faith and may every happiness attend you !"

Lady Margaret rose as she said this, but Sandron detained her hand, and as he pressed it to his lips would have prevented her departure till he had acquired some information respecting the residence of Louisa, had not an approaching step warned him of the indiscretion. Letting fall her hand, he watched her graceful figure glide from the apartment, and then with feelings tumultuous and indefinable he sought his own chamber, there to await the expected interview with his royal mistress.

CHAPTER XLI.

Hour after hour they sit, and nothing hide
Of vices past; their follies are their pride;
What to the sober and the cool are crimes,
They boast—exulting in those happy times;
The darkest deeds no indignation raise,
The purest virtue never wins their praise.

CRABBE.

IN a small alehouse situated in a by lane in the vicinity of Shooter's Hill, kept by one Richard Mopitup, and known to every poacher, highwayman, smuggler, and footpad of that period as the Pig and Trumpet, or Prig and Stumpit, as it was jocularly termed, were assembled a small but merry party, consisting of Master Surface, Colonel Charteris, and Master Butler, whom our readers will remember at an early period of this

narrative as having pursued a traveller over the Heath, in the direction of Hampton Court, for the purpose of divesting him of all superfluous cash. Master Surface, in spite of the dangers by which he knew himself to be surrounded, was in as high spirits and as jovial as ever. He might have had reason for knowing that he was safe and maintained some dependence in Jonathan Wild's good offices, but be that as it may, all with him seemed to go well, for he pushed the bottle about and carolled drinking songs most lustily.

"Well," said the notorious Charteris, addressing Butler, "I'll bet thee a dozen of the Rhine wine that my varlet, the never-failing Jack Gourlay, brings us tidings of the quarry this blessed night; my life on it he traces the White Doe to her lair, and my friend Sir Simon here shall have her by the haunches yet. One more trial — hey, Surface? and if we don't succeed, why then hard up with the helm and away you go — that's it, isn't it, my lad of metal?

But heyday — listen ! What minstrel sings beneath the castle walls—by my soul it is a doleful ditty. Come hither, landlord — disengage thyself from the chaste embraces of thine own lawful Beer-but, to which thou dost enact thy best customer, and hie thee to the door and hear the burthen of the song that fellow bellows—if 't is new and uncommon, then admit him."

Thus enjoined, the fat landlord, goodman Mopitup, waddled to the door and returned in company with a man with a wooden leg. The hat of the ballad-singer was decked with innumerable ditties, which, with a handkerchief tied across one side of his face, almost or entirely concealed his features. On his arm he bore a small basket containing specimens of the songs he sung, which, as signs of his calling, were otherwise fluttering from different parts of his person, while to assist his wooden leg, he bore in his hand a stout oaken cudgel. This man of many tunes made his bow on entering the apart-

ment, and seemed to wait the further wishes of the gentlemen therein assembled.

"Well, vender of the gingling rhyme," exclaimed Charteris, "what doleful ditty was that thou wert bellowing but now?"

"It was," replied the ballad-singer in a rough nasal voice, "the full and dreadful particulars of the last bloody murder but now committed in Tyburn road; it is an account of how the most beautifullest Gipsy Girl ever beheld was inhumanly butchered and cut to pieces and otherwise disposed of, it goes to the tune of Chevy Chase." Commencing at that part of the song in which he had been interrupted, the man then sung as follows:—

"But then their hearts 'gan to relent,
And griev'd they was so sore,
That quarter to her for to give,
They cut her into four.

All in the dark and dead of night,
These quarters they convey'd—
And in a ditch at Marybone
Her marrowbones they laid.

Her head at Westminster they threw,
All in the Thames so wide;
Says they, 'My dear, the wind sets fair,
And you may have the tide.'

But Heaven, whose pow'r no limits knows,
On Earth, or on the Main,
Soon caused the head for to be thrown
Upon the Land again.

This head being found, the justices
Their heads together laid,
And wisely said there *must* have been
Some body to this head.

But since no body could be found,
High mounted on a shelf,
They e'en set up the head to be
A witness for itself.

Next—that it no self-murder was,
The case itself explains;
For no girl *could* cut off her head,
And throw it in the Thames.

God prosper long our noble Queen,
Our lives and safeties too—
And grant that folkes may warning take,
And so no murders do."*

* Newgate Register.

In singing this ballad the man seemed to address himself principally to Surface, while the expression of that gentleman's countenance underwent a variety of changes, as he muttered to himself—"The murderous diabolical villain!—but one man could have perpetrated the hellish act, and that is her husband." The effect of the intelligence contained in the song however was not of long duration, for Surface soon assumed his wonted gaiety; he accosted the ballad-singer—

"Come, old dot and go one—here, drink me this noggin of ale and drown the flavour of that infernal ballad, with a murrain to it, and do you, good gentleman of the moon (addressing Butler), carrol some of thy more playful ditties, else we shall grow as sad as a bridegroom the day after marriage. Mark me, landlord, while we enjoy ourselves here for the good of thy house, do you tell your oatstealer or hostler to cease cribbing the corn from our horses' mangers and

attempting to purloin their headstalls, and instead of such laudable activity let him keep a sharp look-out that we may have no more company here than may be agreeable; and if my very good friend, honest Jonathan Wild, should chance to come this way to make any inquiries, let him be sent further afield with a flea in his ear; I'd rather see the devil than his ugly mug just at this moment."

The landlord hurried out to obey these injunctions, while the ballad-singer hitched up his garments, accompanying the act with a dry sort of cough, and buried his nose in the noggin of ale. "Now," said Surface, addressing Butler, "come, thou moon-struck hero, let us have a stave and a merry one, to pass the time till the phenomenon of my friend here returns with intelligence of the White Doe."

"Not I," replied Butler, "let us sing every one in his own turn: let the colonel sing, and then I'll follow. Come, my gallant friend,

tip us a stave, and let the burden be love, war, or liquor !"

Thus enjoined, Colonel Charteris commenced with a song from a theatrical piece entitled Gammer Gurton's Needle, * printed in 1661, and played at Cambridge a hundred years before it was printed, Master Surface and the others joining in chorus :—

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold :
But belly ! God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good,
But sure I think, that I can drink,
With him that wears a hood.

Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing a cold ;
I stuff my skin so full within,
Of jolly good ale, and old.

Chorus. Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold :

* See Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays.

But belly! God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast, but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire,
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I not desire.

No frost nor snow, no wind I trow,
Can hurt me if I wolde,
I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt,
Of jolly good ale, and old.

Chorus. Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold:
But belly! God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

And Tib my wife, that as her life
Loveth good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek!
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl,
E'en as a malt-worm should;
And saith, "sweet heart, I took my part
Of this jolly good old ale, and old."

Chorus. Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold:
But belly! God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

Now let them drink, till they nod and wink,
E'en as good fellows should do,
They shall not miss, to have the bliss,
Good ale doth bring men to:
And all poor souls that have scowered bowls
Or have them lustily trowl'd
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.

Chorus. Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold:
But belly! God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

"Bravo! bravo!" shouted the chorus of voices, "they could not have sung it better on the stage; why when all other trades fail, you may tread the boards as well as the best of them."

"Now," cried Master Surface and the ballad-singer together, the latter appearing to enjoy the fun as much as any of the party—"now, it is Master Butler's turn now." And then the ballad-singer with great glee offered to sing a second to the forthcoming song.

"Sing a second!" said Master Butler, turn-

ing to the vender of songs, "you're a fine fellow, no doubt, but how the devil do you know *what song* I 'm going to sing? I 've a great mind to unbuckle thy wooden prop there, and break thy twanging pate with it. Sing a second to me, forsooth! the varlet's malty, and that with but a thimbleful of ale."

"Mind you don't sing on the wrong side your mouth," said the ballad-singer, with a scarcely suppressed sneer, "that's all, that's all."

When Butler, regarding him with a look of ineffable contempt, began :—

Miss Molly, a fam'd toast, was fair and young,
Had wealth and charms—but then she had a tongue!
From morn to night th' eternal larum rung,
Which often lost those hearts her eyes had won.

Sir John was smitten, and confess'd his flame,
Sigh'd out the usual time, then wed the dame;
Possess'd he thought of ev'ry joy in life;
But his dear Molly prov'd *a very wife!*

Excess of fondness did in time decline,
Madam lov'd money, and the knight lov'd wine,

From whence some petty discords would arise—
As "you're a fool," and "you are mighty wise."

Hey! hoop! d'ye hear my damn'd obstrep'rous spouse,
What, can't you find one bed about the house?
Will that perpetual clack lie never still?
That rival to the softness of a mill!
Some couch and distant room must be my choice,
Where I may sleep uncurs'd with wife and noise.

Long this uncomfortable life they led,
With snarling meals, and each a sep'rate bed.
To an old uncle oft she would complain,
Beg his advice, and scarce from tears refrain.
Old Wisewood smok'd the matter as it was—
"Cheer up!" cried he, "and I 'll remove the cause."

"And so must I, by G—d!" roared the songster, jumping from his seat in considerable dismay, with his arm outstretched in the direction of the ballad-singer, "there, there," he continued, drawing a pistol from his breast, "there is the devil himself in the shape of Wild!" Ere the pistol was brought to a level with the thieftaker's head, the wooden leg of that crafty individual was spurned to the further end

of the room, the handkerchief torn from his eye, and his stout bludgeon applied with such emphasis to Master Butler's arm, that the pistol exploded harmlessly and fell to the ground.

A fierce but brief struggle followed, when the highwayman, overpowered and secured in handbolts, became a passive and defenceless prisoner. Turning then to his late boon-companions the unfortunate highwayman cried to them for a rescue, to this application Colonel Charteris, shaking his head, turned a deaf ear, but Master Surface instantly arose from his seat, and approaching Jonathan Wild, laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"What now, Sir Bucklemaker," he cried, "what has this young fellow done, that you handle him so roughly; will nothing less than clutching thy prey serve thee this time? Come, come, honest Jonathan, he is a jolly fellow and thou hast been drinking together, and hang it, too, poor as I am I'll stand a mark for his

present liberty, were it but to let him finish the song!"

"Master Surface, or my lord," replied Wild, "this is past a joke, you had better keep your money or pay it where it is due. This young gentleman has gone a great deal too far and too fast; he is forfeited to the law and I *must* have him, so let that suffice you."

"*Must* have him," rejoined Master Surface; "*must* is a dog's word and not one recognized here at all events. Come, come, let the young fellow go, and if he has nothing in his pockets, as I know he usually keeps his cash in other people's, why I 'm good for something comfortable, so unhand him, Jonathan, will you?"

"Comfortable," cried Wild, reddening with anger, as he apprehended from Master Surface's manner some attempt at rescue. "There may be comfort in your promises, my lord, but damn me if there's much else. What, ho! landlord, tapster, I charge all who hear me in the queen's name to aid and assist!"

"And I charge thee, landlord," shouted Master Surface, "to carry thy fat paunch elsewhere as fast as thou canst, else will I comfort it with a brace of bullets. Now, friend ballad-singer," he continued, "for henceforth I know thee not in thine official capacity, I 'll have this youngster free, I 'll have the key of the handbolts, or I 'll cut thy weasand."

"Neither the one or the other will I relinquish," retorted the sturdy thieftaker, and a violent struggle between the two then ensued. During the scuffle Master Butler regained his feet, when, though handcuffed, he administered some severe kicks upon Wild, who, finding himself getting the worst of it, attempted to draw a pistol from his breast-pocket. Colonel Charteris, who had hitherto remained a passive spectator, observing that mischief must come, threw himself upon the combatants and assisted in the overpowering of Jonathan Wild. The handbolts were then removed from the wrists of Butler, and

transferred to those of the now prostrate executioner of the law, who, finding himself fairly mastered and manacled, lay sullenly on the floor determined neither to speak nor move.

The triumphant party then cast themselves on the benches in the room to recover their breath, when for the first time Master Surface began to consider what effect the issue of this frolic might have on his future fortunes. That he had now made an enemy of the man in whose power he knew himself to be so long as he remained on the shores of Great Britain was obvious, for the insight which he had into Wild's disposition convinced him that nothing would make the thieftaker forgive such an interference with his office. What was then to be done? The plans of Master Surface required at least another four-and-twenty hours ere they could be brought to maturity: that period having elapsed, he cared little for his enemies in England, for the seas were to be placed between him and the outraged

laws of his country. While he was debating in his own mind what was best to be done under the present circumstances, the red face of the landlord protruded from the just sufficiently opened door, and the mouth of that face stammered forth,

"Don't mind me, gentlemen, I come not to see; alas, alas! there is no man more blind than old Richard Mopitup, but here is some one at the door to speak with the colonel — he says he is the colonel's man."

The landlord had scarcely finished this sentence ere he was brought bodily into the room on the back of John Gourlay, that respectable functionary having insinuated himself beneath the landlord as he parleyed at the door, and risen with him on his shoulders.

"News, news, good news!" exclaimed Colonel Charteris as soon as he saw his varlet; "I know by the face of my man that he has suc-

ceeded to a miracle; Surface, my boy, I congratulate you!"

"Here, Butler," cried Surface overjoyed, "draw your pistol and guard this balladsinger; be merciful to him unless he attempt to stir, but if he moves pay your own debts and mine too by a draft upon the trigger: by my life, would that all tailors were paid as easily."

Butler having mounted guard over his fallen adversary, though Jonathan was compelled to keep his hands still, nevertheless he was too old a soldier in matters of this description not to make sharp use of his ears; the following portion of a conversation therefore reached him from the corner of the room to which Surface and his friends had retired.

"Housed safe at the old Hall in the country, is she? 'twere easy done, and shall be looked to instantly." The party in the corner then broke up, and Surface turning to Wild thus addressed him.

" Now, Jonathan, joking apart, we will enter at once on serious business; I know you, my good fellow, too well to trust again to your forbearance, so you will excuse my folly in taking care of myself. You have got all you can out of me, Jonathan, and perhaps are aware that my head may be worth more than my banker's book. Butler, just insert your ready hand into the pockets of the gentleman beneath you, and see if you cannot find some document to which my name is unpleasantly attached."

Butler did so, and after a long search from a secret pocket he pulled forth a warrant from the secretary of state for the apprehension of Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, charged with treason, and offering a reward for his apprehension, dead or alive. Surface possessed himself of this warrant, and having placed it on the fire, set his heel upon it till the document was entirely consumed. A variety of other papers written in a species of shorthand, or consisting in single let-

ters and marks, the signification of which could only be known to the proprietor, were also discovered on the person of the thieftaker, but with the exception of a small sum of money nothing else that was available. The money Butler expressed a wish to take care of, and Surface then continued his address to Wild.

"You shall find, Jonathan, that I will be a kinder master to you than you would have been to poor Butler, for I will not even insist upon your agreeable company, or convey you away from this snug hostelrie or the good ale which it contains; no, here you shall remain perhaps for a day or two; but have a care, make no attempt at escape, for the man whose life you would have sacrificed at the gibbet will be your companion and guard, and will have but little forbearance any more than you would have had had he been your prisoner; so if you proceed to extremities, may the devil have mercy on you, Jonathan, for Master Butler will have none!"

Master Surface then called Butler aside, and having given him some further instructions, called for his horse, when, accompanied by Colonel Charteris and his follower, he took his departure from the little inn.

CHAPTER XLII.

Time! on whose arbitrary wing
The varying hours must flag or fly,
Whose tardy winter, fleeting spring,
But drag or drive us on to die,
Hail thou! who on my birth bestow'd
Those boons to all that know thee known;
Yet better I sustain thy load,
For now I bear the weight alone.

BYRON.

ON the morning after his interview with Lady Margaret Bonville, Sandron was summoned to the presence of the queen; there was no one with her Majesty save the Duchess of Marlborough, but the moment he entered the presence he saw that the royal brow was clouded.

"Master Sandron," said the queen, after a moment's delay, during which she had regarded

him with an austere expression of countenance added to the melancholy tone which always pervaded her features, "Master Sandron, we have sent for you through her grace of Marlborough, who has proved herself your sincere and kind friend, to admonish you as to your future conduct. You seem to have trifled, young sir, with the affections of one over whose happiness and welfare, as her royal mistress as well as her friend, I am doubly bound to preside. In times such as these, and when even the fortune of my husband has been made a party question in my Commons House of Parliament, rather than a national one,* and when the party in opposition is reckless of my happiness, provided it can, even through me, wound the popularity of those in power, a court, the residence of an unprotected queen, is no place for light o' love practices, and to all the ladies of my chamber who have no

* Alluding probably to the debate on the allowance granted on her marriage.

protector but their queen I would fain extend the affection of a mother. What do you say, fair sir, are you prepared to request us to sanction your addresses to the Lady Margaret Bonville?"

"Madam," replied Sandron, "your Majesty is over good to me; were I a thousand times better than I am, as 'twere easy to be, I might scarce hope to be worthy of the hand of so pure and brilliant a creature as the lady you mention. But there is one whom I understand has been brought under your Majesty's gracious notice, and even met with your approval, to whom I have long been attached, though at one time adverse circumstances and evil-minded persons had seemed to have severed our fortunes."

"And to which of your innumerable liaisons, fair sir, are we to suppose you to allude?" asked the queen.

"Madam, an' it please you, to my foster-sister, her with whom I was bred up—Mistress Louisa Marmaduke."

"We have heard of that affair, Master Sandron, and have made acquaintance with the damsel herself," rejoined her Majesty. "Her story is a strange one, and she is much to be pitied in having fallen into the hands of such a woman as Lady Monkton, who seems to have been ready to sacrifice the temporary happiness of her niece as well as the future immortality of her soul, for one is often contingent on the other, to the political interests of her party. 'Tis pity that aught that is of a private and personal nature should be mixed up with politics, but such is and ever will be the case, while the selfish nature of man predominates. We have heard likewise, Master Sandron, that you have been able to throw some light on a most barbarous murder, in which many seem to have been implicated, and among them a noble lord, deemed guilty as well of treasonable practices against the state; do they say that the offenders are likely to be brought to justice?"

"May it please your majesty," replied Sandron, "I should deem that the guilty parties could not escape if the agents of the law do but do their duty."

"And they shall do their duty," rejoined the queen, "and the offenders be punished, or Anne is no longer fit to wear the crown. Here, good youth, her Grace of Marlborough has pleaded in thy behalf, and a better intercessor with the queen thou couldst not have than her kind Mistress Freeman; be thou the bearer of this despatch to our good Lady Sandron, and when thou hast had time to repent of thy infidelity to Mistress Louisa Marmaduke, and by long suffering and penance obtained her forgiveness and a knowledge of the place of her residence, thou hast my consent to obtain her in marriage." The queen then held out her hand — Sandron knelt, kissed it, and received the letter.

Our hero was hurrying from the palace to his own lodgings to prepare for an immediate depar-

ture, when he was met by a messenger from the magistrates, who were still investigating the particulars of the double murder which had been committed. He obeyed the summons, and ascertained that in the absence of Justice Lambert, the briefless barrister and non-efficient and lubberly sailor, were doing all they could to mystify the matter and pervert the course of truth, and that they simply put him to inconvenience because he was a gentleman — it being the only safe opportunity they had of annoying their superiors without subjecting themselves to chastisement. Late as it was, for he had been detained by the magistrates for many hours, Sandron then hoped to depart; the hope was vain, for the justices decided that as he *might* be wanted at any moment it would be better for him not to leave London. Sandron had then nothing left for it but to despatch her majesty's letter to the Hall by a confidential messenger, accompanied by a note from himself explaining

the circumstances by which he was surrounded and fettered, when, having done so, he once more directed his steps towards his stables to countermand his horses, but on his way thither in the Strand he was encountered by the eccentric Swift.

"What now?" said his reverend friend; "whither so fast? art thou the avenger of death, and is the man of blood before thee, that thou persecutest thy speedy way without reference to the opposing persons of the rest of the passengers on the queen's highway? Tarry here, enter the Greyhound tavern with me; late as it is I am fasting from all but sin; mine host hath a capon ready, and the gizzard wing I will bestow on thee; nay, nay, I know that thou art hungry, and be thy journey long or short, refreshment hurteth no man."

As he said this, Swift pushed Sandron before him, and the latter, feeling that in truth he had tasted nothing since breakfast, entered the

coffee-room, and they sat down to an unusually late dinner.

The fact of their being seated in a public room rendered it necessary that the conversation should be carried on in an under voice. From the murders that had been committed in Tyburn Road, which then engrossed the consideration of the day, the discourse turned on Sandron's more immediate affairs, with which, through his friend the Duchess of Marlborough, Swift seemed to be intimately acquainted; against Lady Monkton he was particularly severe.

"An old brimstone," he said, "split me, good youth! excuse the mundane expression! but I am provoked beyond all clerical consideration; I hope I may never become the male specimen of such female deformity, or be so withered, so sapless, so parched of the generous juices of nature, as to be proof against its softer and more vernal influences. There is not so

disgusting an after-fault in nature as the mule bird of humanity,* a woman who has outlived even the recollection of the sensibility natural to her sex. An envious crabbed old woman, dead to all generous impulses, forgetful and unforgiving of the faults entailed by Heaven, cannot be horribly surpassed by the queen of the infernal regions. Zounds, sir, such an unwholesome fungus reminds me of the withered and hollow trunk of a blasted tree, alike insensible to sun or frost, looming, pointed, bleak, and bare in summer as in winter, above the sweet young flowers of the world, and harbouring in its heartless cavities the mildews, blights, noxious insects and obscene birds of creation, to mar, discolour, poison and devour the beautous imaginings of redundant nature. Oh ! that I was but a Captain of Horse, I'd publicly inveigh against all

* Alluding, in all probability, particularly to the fact in the natural history of the pheasant, that when arrived at an over-advanced period of life, the hen pheasant will assume the plumage of the male bird.

such scarecrows, and whip their male descendants."

Sandron, in spite of the anxiety attendant on his situation, could not help being amused at this tirade against one who had attempted to injure him in his most sensible point, but though he acquiesced in the observations of his reverend friend, he remarked —

"That a really good-natured, good-hearted old lady who made the happiness of others her chief study, while her age and experience gave her a right to judge of propriety, was one of the most respectable beings in society."

"And yet," continued Swift, unheeding Sandron's good-natured remark, "I know you and your disposition so well, that were you to have it in your power at this moment to be of service to Lady Monkton, you would be prompt to forget the injuries she has heaped upon you and to stretch out a hand to help her. You, though I doubt her doing so, would be like one of the

soldiers in Hamilton's regiment, at the siege of Namur by the allies; though his superior the Corporal had ill-used and even struck the private on every occasion, when the former lay wounded on the field and in danger of being trampled to death by the advancing French, he called on the meaner soldier and asked 'if he could leave him to perish.' The private heard the demand on his humanity, returned, and rushing through the thickest of the fire, seized and carried off his wounded Corporal on his back. A cannon-ball, however, severed the poor fellow's head, and he fell under his burthen. The Corporal was then seized with remorse; he clung to the dead body of the man he had so often ill-used, and amidst the tears of his comrades, who knew of the enmity which once existed, died on the following day more of sorrow than of the wound he had received."*

"You honour my disposition too much, re-

* This fact is alluded to in the 1st volume of The Tattler.

verendissime," replied Sandron, "though I confess that to have it in my power to do aught that is noble, high-spirited, or generous, has such a charm for me, that it seems to take away from the merit which would otherwise accrue to the fulfilment of the good deed, and to force itself upon my notice as the offspring of an innate bribe."

"Just so," replied Swift; "you have not yet been long enough in this life to know either the value of money or the real worth of the sensations of your heart. You have never known what it is to be poor, or been turned round on by some one in whom you had placed your too readily given confidence and love, and felt them with the leaden heel of ingratitude crush the glittering treasures of your bosom. *When* all this *has* happened to you, you will find out that one half the world cannot understand or appreciate high-flown, noble and chivalric sentiments, while the other half has learned that

virtue of any description seldom purchases a dinner. Honour, sir, honour's a capital fugleman behind which to practice the trainbands of your mind, but were you to march the single soldier without the blackguards in his rear, against the enemy, faith, good youth, you'd make but small impression."

"And yet," persisted Sandron, "what a brute would man become were he to forget the nobler attributes of his nature, and live for self alone. Rather than lose the poetry of my disposition, and be dead to even what you would pronounce as the most wild and romantic notions of honour, I would cease to live."

"Honour! honour again!" rejoined Swift. "Honour is for ever in the youth's mouth. I believe if he was famished he would not part with it for viands. Look you here, boy, we will regard for a moment one of the great professions of men, that which they dub the 'learned.' We will raise the cover-lid of the law and

ascertain, dispassionately and coolly, how much absolute right *they* have to call it *the honourable* profession of the bar.

"Were I to meet a gentleman in the street, whom I had seen perform a laudable act, and to offer him for having pleased me a piece of money, 'swords and the nearest solitary place,' would be the reply; or if I, the offender, was saved from this by my clerical profession, it would be, 'the Church, sir, saves you from a kicking.'

"Now observe what are the *honourable* regulations of the bar. A gentleman therein receives money; your young beginner, your briefless boy is content with that which would almost displease a beggar. For this paltry sum, be it more or less, the fact remains the same, shielded from personal responsibility by what they call the honour of the bar, the gentleman of the legal profession, knowing that the testimony he has to produce is often false, and that he himself becomes the fostering parent of the lie, will

set himself to work to traduce virtue, to exalt villany, and to pervert the ends of justice, looking at the same time boldly in the face of twelve honest but simple-minded men whose resolution and oath to administer the laws of the land is set at naught by the cunning evasions of his baffling tongue. The latitude of the barrister is amazing, tyrannically so; there is no length to which he will not run in the way of personal scurrility and abuse, and all this under the safeguard of *professional* duty. Impudence, sir, impudence is one of the characteristics which these *honourable* gentlemen aim at. In the private society of some circuit town, some vulgar friend or relation says 'Lawk! Mister So-and-so, how could you have the face to run on so? you looked so knowing in your wig and gown; there, I could not have said a word, I know I couldn't, if 'twas ever so, before so many people and all looking at me, and the person too as you was abusing being the son of a

real Duke!' And this stuff the greedy ears of the professionalist will drink in as if 'twere the sweetest music in the world. I'll tell you what, good youth, there is no license more shamefully abused than that of the bar, for members of that honourable profession, as they call it, avail themselves of its assumed liberties to revel in the iniquities of their own nature, and when either a political or a personal enemy is brought before them, or even a gentleman whom they know to be their superior in everything, they attack him in the most personal way, relying upon the *honour* of the profession to which they belong, and what they falsely assume to be their *duty* as an advocate, to protect them from his vengeance: aware also that if they go beyond the immense and intolerable latitude usually assumed by their learned brethren that they can always purchase half-an-hour's blackguardism and personal safety by an abject apology. Oh, good youth, there's a deal of fanning required to purge *this* thresh-

ing-floor of the filth and chaff which it contains."

"You are in one of your caustic humours to-day, reverendissime," replied Sandron, rising from the table; "but see, I will leave you now, for our friend Betterton approaches, and in his society you will find more amusement than in mine, for I am weary in mind and body, and anxious for the return of the messenger I have despatched to my father's halls, may *I* leave no reason behind me to merit the severity of your attention." Thus speaking, Sandron quitted the tavern, and returned to his lodgings; he was at length preparing to retire for the night, when the expected messenger arrived, and a letter from his father was put into his hand. It was a long one, but with the reader's leave, as the epistle was somewhat characteristic of the old English gentleman, the sport and sportsman of the times, we lay it before them; it ran as follows:

"My well-beloved Son,

"These few lines from your father will suffice to assure you of the health of all those now at home in whom you ever were interested. Ha, ha! when do you mean to come to us, you dog? Had I not had a visit from my old enemy the gout, I should have been with you long before this, for I cannot hear of broken heads and good downright honest blows, without feeling young again, and longing to be by your side, either to salve your wounds or smite your assailant. By the by, we have had some good sport of late with the hounds, and the old stumped-brush fox has been viewed again. We had a splendid day's sport last week — dragged up to him by half-past eight in the Ferryhangings, near Marlow — such a crash at his kennel! every hound in the pack seemed to stand for some moments at bay, so that the cry they raised brought down the few remaining red leaves from the beechen boughs, while old Joe, looking like Œolus or

the soft south wind, for there is nothing but what is melting in his nature, gave them such a merry tune on his bugle as made the hearts of even the saddest out, if sad there were, ready to leap through their waistcoats.

"Zounds! my dear boy, it was one of those mornings when one feels glad even to be alive, when all our evil passions seemed left with the darkness of the preceding night, or ashamed to shew their gloomy faces in the flash of the morning sun. Winter, as you may call it, the thrush sat on the topmost twig of the tallest tree, and sung to the heavens as if he knew that thence came the blessings of spring. Bird, beast, and man were alive, and not a thought afloat but what was brave and generous.

"Talk not to me of this and t'other, or of the brutalizing effect of our recreations, hang me! if I don't think that there is more of the brute and less of the christian in the canting, crabbed hypocrite, who sits coolly at his desk to

condemn the neighbour whose disposition he cannot know for the pursuit of amusements of which the said cynic is profoundly ignorant, than there is in the whole fraternity of men whom that sickly writer would so irreligiously condemn.

"But enough of this; hark back, my boy, to the run. I knew we should have a scent, at least as far as that most uncertain of all things can be known. The sweet perfume of the different withered leaves came palpably to the nostril, the wood itself was like a giant nosegay, no gossamer webs on the grass, no dewdrops on the bushes, and the sky was of a lofty and settled appearance.

"Odds, my life! son, you never heard such music! I thought at first they'd have forced him across the river; but no, like a gallant fox *a* point he had, and he was prone to make it; he broke at last, and away right for the Beaconsfield country. Close at his brush, the

first hounds out of cover were old Trouncer, Merrylass, and Piper; I thought of the song—'and a bumper, Squire Jones;' but there was too much to look at to think of singing; those three old hounds are truth itself as you should know if court fripperies have not put all virtue and useful remembrance out of your broken pate. 'Wow, wow,' says old Trouncer, flinging his tongue, and looking round to see if his friends were coming, while the other two backed him in his hit, yet dwelt upon the line till some of the younger ones began to tumble through and over the fence of the cover, then off they went, beautiful to see; no inconsiderate haste, no jealousy, no shoving each other out of the way or off the path, to try to get forward, no racing, no skirting for the lead, or topping gates wide of the line while the body of the pack were scrambling at the meuse in the hedge—there was none of this, but each hound kept behind its helpmate till some honest chance

afforded precedence, and, damn me! but your best bred ladies in the land might have taken pattern by the civility of these good hounds.

"Well, we ran for four hours and forty minutes, with just enough of checks and difficulties, sheep and deer, to shew the hunting of the hounds, and to make it the right thing, bringing our fox through Bulstrode Park, over Gerrard's Cross Common, and into a small cover on the Chalfont side. In this cover we worked him for some time till the ground became so foiled that as you know I always say a fox is never killed till he's broken up, I began to fear he would beat us. Egad! my boy, even now I am almost ashamed to own it, but I slid quietly off old Fairy's back while the field were staring about them, and as I had observed that the fox always ran up an old dry, deep ditch so foiled that the hounds could scarce own him, I went and planted myself quietly in it. Presently, along he comes again, and never knew

how near I was to him till he came within a yard of my boots, he was too beat to try to jump out, and so much astonished at his proximity to me that he lay down. I could hear the pack coming slowly after him, some in the ditch, some on its sides, looking into it as if they guessed he was not far off, though they could not honestly cry on their companions to say that he was near, so I neither moved nor stirred till they were all round me; then up I pushed the fox, they grabbed him, and 'whoo-hoop,' said I, as I scrambled back into my saddle, looking for all the world as if I had done a dirty thing, or picked some person's pocket.

"I was somewhat amused when it was all at an end on overhearing a young goosetrumfoodle of a jackanapes accost a friend of the same water; though there had not been a moment in the run, save the checks, when our horses at least were not in full trot, says one of these young gentlemen to the other — 'Not a bad line of

country that, but uncommon slow.' 'Slow!' says the other; 'may I never wear powder or pull my hose above my breeches, but these be the civillest dogs I ever came across; one of them got a thorn in his foot while the fox was in view, and may I never break a flask again, fill my governor's boots with water, or fish for a procter's wig, kiss my washerwoman's daughter, pink my foe with the small sword, or indulge in any other pleasant pastime, if half the pack did not sit down by old Jowler to help him look for it.' Old Joe was at hand, and when they said this I heard him mutter, as he looked at the offenders from beneath the peak of his cap, below which he had stuffed a handkerchief to dry his head.

"'I *should* just like to have the worming of your tongues, or the physicking of you for the distemper, I should, I'd cure ye! depend upon it I'd cure ye!' I then asked Joe who they were or whence they came, when he grinned and re-

plied, ‘ that they were Oxonies fresh from college, and therefore in course could be supposed to know nothing.’ Ha! ha! ha! but enough of the hounds, my dear boy; you will be glad to see the white doe again, sha’n’t you? She’s as fat as butter, and I have half a mind to kill her for venison as no one seems to take any pride in her now—*don’t* they though! Ha! ha! you dog, I’m so happy; the fact is I *am* very glad, ’tis the weather, I believe, so, d’ye mind me, come home and see

“ Your most affectionate father,

“ Stamford Sandron.”

When this extraordinary document had been perused, Charles Sandron became convinced that there was some excitement greater than usual behind the curtain operating strongly on his father’s mind, and he more than suspected that it was caused either by the presence of Louisa Marmaduke at the Hall, or by the knowledge of her immediate residence. So unaccountable

are the impulses of man, so strange and contradictory the effects produced at different times and in different humours by the same causes, that Sandron, who but a short time before ventured his life to save Louisa from her captors, and who would gladly have died rather than have seen her borne away, now that he knew or thought that she was in safety, felt almost careless of an interview. It might have been that the admiration he could not but feel for the Lady Margaret Bonville was opposed to the even current of his affections, or that his present supineness arose from that strange inclination in man to dally with his mortal and immortal happiness, which all just observers of themselves or their fellow-creatures must have noticed in the varying disposition of the human race, but certain it was that Charles Sandron made little effort to break through the restraints by which he was surrounded. Quieting then the tiny but ever-restless monitor in his bosom,

who, though at times weakened and reduced, will ever be heard in the right cause, and stifling its promptings for no delay in measures to which, in reality, his future happiness was bound as to the firmest stake, Sandron resolved that the law of his country rather than the love of his heart should be obeyed, and he cast himself on his couch for the chance events of the following day.

CHAPTER XLIII.

What I have done is done; I bear within
A torture which could nothing gain from thine:
The mind which is immortal makes itself
Requital for its good or evil thoughts—
Is its own origin of ill and end—
And its own place and time—its innate sense,
When stripp'd of this mortality, derives
No colour from the fleeting things without;
But is absorb'd in sufferance or in joy,
Born from the knowledge of its own desert.

BYRON.

THE following morning brought with it a summons from the justices to Sandron, requesting his attendance at their office, as some further disclosures respecting the murders had been elicited.

He was scarcely dressed when the voice of

one of the women servants met his ear from the street-door; she seemed to have opened it for the purpose of sweeping the steps, and to have found a dog there, which she was vainly endeavouring to drive away. It cried slightly at a blow from her broom, and then its feet were heard scampering up the stairs, while the servant called to John Hardcastle who was in the subterranean offices, that a mad dog had run up towards his master's bedroom. On hearing this Sandron cautiously opened his door, when to his no small surprise Spider, the faithful follower of the unfortunate Corah, crept at once to his foot, and lay imploringly on the carpet before him. The little dog was in a dreadfully emaciated condition, and having devoured some food, of which he seemed to be greatly in need, he curled himself as it were in a ball before the fire, and slept as if he had not closed his eyes for days and nights together. Sandron would have left the weary creature to its repose, but

the moment he was ready to depart the dog awoke as if by instinct, and evinced the utmost anxiety to accompany him; together therefore they went to attend the bench of justices.

On arriving before the magistrates it appeared that the head and mangled limbs of Hayes, the husband of the wretched woman in custody, had been discovered secreted beneath the floor of the room in which the unfortunate Corah had been confined, when, in order to preserve it for the inspection of witnesses, the head had been committed to the care of a surgeon of the name of Westbrook, to be placed in spirits till the demands of justice were satisfied.

Mistress Hayes, who persisted in her innocence as to any participation in the dreadful crimes, as also in the statement she had made relative to the disappearance and departure of her husband, though the story told by her at different times varied materially in many essen-

tial points, was commanded to be given an inspection of the head, to ascertain the effect a sight of it might produce.

During her progress to the house of Master Westbrook for this purpose, she maintained a moody and determined silence till the coach in which she was conveyed stopped at the surgeon's door, then, for the first time, she inquired "whither they were taking her?"

"To inspect the head of a man who has been murdered," was the stern reply of the chief turnkey who had the charge of the prisoner.

On this announcement her lip was observed to quiver slightly, and a shudder seemed to pass through her frame, but in a moment she resumed her former tranquillity. It was an awful pause even to the bystanders when Master Westbrook leaving them in silence, retired to his surgery, and as his returning step was heard all eyes were fixed upon Mistress Hayes, who seemed to have mastered even the semblance of

outward emotion. and to have concentrated the hellish resolution of her nature to bear the trial to which she was so immediately to be subject: a glass case was placed on the table before her, the cloth which covered it was removed, and the haggard features of death were exposed, with the lips open as if about to pronounce the name of those who had swept them from the living world.

Strange it seemed, that those features, now but a senseless and kneaded clod, should be able to turn even the soul of that woman to grief whose eye their woes in life, or prayer for mercy on the eve of death, could never have moistened with the tear of pity. The heart of the wretched criminal was stricken, and exclaiming, "My husband! my poor dear husband!" she threw her arms around the glass and wept upon it: while she was so employed Sandron entered the room and stood immediately behind her.

"Take it," she cried, "take it out of the

case;" and on her wish being complied with she held it in her hands and called for vengeance on the murderers, proclaiming at the same time her ignorance of the hideous fact; at this moment two shining eyes appeared above the opposite edge of the table, and a creature with its bristles erect and all its lineaments alive with the most excessive fury sprang up and struck the head from between her hands, and then, with its eyes fixed upon her, stood growling over the inanimate remains, more resembling an imp from the infernal regions than an inhabitant of the world.

So sudden and unexpected was the appearance of the, to the prisoner, well-remembered dog, and so extraordinary and aptly timed its presence at the moment of her invocation of justice upon the murderers' heads, that like all other false courage and ill-founded determination, her resolution failed when most it was required to uphold her deceitful position. Never-

theless she made one more effort to conceal the weakness of nature when deserted by the overwhelmed and failing spirit, and in a forced and even steady voice demanded "a lock of hair from the head before her."

"Wretched woman," cried Sandron, as he stood close beside her, "I fear me thou hast had too much of *the blood* already!"

As he spoke Mistress Hayes turned sharply upon him, looked from him to the dog which still glared with shining eyes upon her from the table, and uttering a shriek fell senseless upon the floor. Restoratives having been speedily applied, after some time the woman recovered her reason, but not so in regard to her hardened and stubborn demeanour; so great was the shock which her nervous system had received, that energy of mind and body failed beneath the manifest enormity of her guilt, she was weak even to tears—a very child might have brained her with a feather. In the trance into which

she had fallen it seemed as though death in unmitigated terror had been placed before her, as if she had seen the frown of an offended God, and shrank from the justice of his sentence.

"Take me," she cried, evidently with the hope through such means of obtaining pardon, "take me before the justices, and I will bear witness against others."

In obedience to her desire she was then conveyed before the magistrates, who, on hearing her confession and demand, informed her that as her surrender had not been voluntary, and as her accomplice or accomplices were well known, they could shew her no favour, but that it was their duty to commit her to abide the verdict of a jury. Like the drowning wretch who catches at a reed, however, she still seemed to cling to the idea that a full confession might at least save her life, and in obedience to that delusive hope, she divulged all the horrid circumstances attendant on the murders, and accused the gipsy

Smith of being the chief actor in the dreadful tragedy.

To Newgate Mistress Hayes was then conveyed, but so exceedingly were the feelings and passions of the populace excited against her, that it was found necessary to procure a sergeant's guard for the protection of her life, and to prevent her being torn to pieces; thus guarded by the soldiers with fixed bayonets, she was reconducted to her prison.

It was with a heavy heart that Sandron turned his steps to his lodgings, determined at once to seek the halls of his fathers, for his vacillating mind had now not the shadow of an excuse for any longer delay. He was depressed in spirit and unhappy; Corah, in all her health and youth and beauty, seemed to walk by his side, and to raise her bright black eyes brimful of affectionate respect to his face, as if to read through his features the emotions of his heart, and find a solace for her bosom. It seemed,

then, as if he had never loved her half enough, or requited her unbounded fidelity. Man never knows the worth of the treasure once in his possession till he has lost it, and in this instance Sandron could not divest himself of the idea that he had been ungrateful to the poor girl, or at the least unmindful of her safety and happiness; such thoughts, as usual, forced themselves on his remembrance when all opportunity of serving her was gone.

He looked round for her little dog, but that too had again deserted him, and then he thought of the villain still at large, on whose red hand the blood of the victim was scarcely dry. This last reflection roused his energies, and served to awaken him to a better sense of things; vengeance on the murderer might be his at least, and as his hand clutched forcibly the hilt of his sword, he vowed never to rest till he had slain or brought the villain to justice. The day had worn apace, but late as it was he resolved to

reach Sandron Hall that night, for to his changeful heart it seemed as if there would be comfort even in the mention of the name of Louisa Marmaduke, and from certain circumstances he was possessed with the belief, that if she was not actually with his parents, he should at least gain tidings of her residence. Ere we proceed to narrate the events which befel him on the road, we must refer to other characters actively engaged in circumstances leading to the conclusion of this true and correct history.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Who can speak
The numerous worthies of the maiden reign?
THOMSON.

Some help should likewise be commixt,
For many who pervert the text,
And what is worse than thieves can do,
Cheat you of soul, and money too.
Elegy on Hall the Chimney Sweeper.

LET us now retrograde a little to that notorious house of public entertainment, the Hostelrie, yclept the Pig and Trumpet, situated, as our readers are aware, in the picturesque vicinity of Shooter's Hill. The parlour, well greased as its wainscots were to a certain height by the reclining heads of topheavy visiters, and stained and darkened as it was from roof to floor by

ascending fumes and descending liquor, had usually been the scene of boisterous mirth and revelry; it was now tenanted by a prisoner and his guard, who sat eyeing each other in moody silence.

Apparently this silence had become irksome to Master Butler, as well as dry to the throat of that juvenile highwayman, for in obedience to his command, a leering tapster shuffled into the room and placed a pitcher of ale before him; to this adjunct Butler frequently applied himself, when at every go-down of the comfortable liquor he winked significantly at Wild, and wished him pleasant dreams. The eyes of that worthy functionary were certainly closed sufficiently to warrant the application of his keeper's wish, but in real truth *honest* Jonathan had never been wider awake than he was at that very moment.

"Here's to thee," said Butler, accosting the thieftaker by word and sign as we have described; "'tis better to swill from a foaming

cup than to sip at the Bowl of St. Giles.* Men may deem that a thing is certain to happen, but there's often a slip 'twixt cup and lip, old boy, and I trust that St. Giles may never brew for me!"

"So said Dromelius, the Dutchman," replied Wild, opening his eyes, and looking steadily at his companion, "or at least if he used not the exact words, he said something very near it: 'more of your prayers, and less of the pump,' said he to the crowd that stood around, when he desired their petitions and warned them against the indulgence of violent passions. He was hung near the Hartshorn Brewhouse in East Smithfield, a convenient and pleasant spot nigh to the place of the murder he had committed."

"I tell thee, Jonathan," continued Butler, apparently unheeding the remark just made,

* Alluding to the then existing custom of permitting the condemned criminal as he passed to execution to stop and taste of the bowl so called.

"I wish thee all the happiness in life *out* of my society: why, man! it would have been a thousand pities to have put me in limbo as thou wast about to do, while I am yet so young with all the world, and my work before me. The greater the sinner, the greater the saint, you know; I may run my rigs for a very long time yet, and still patch up my rags in time: they say religion can save us all at last, if we do but take to it thoroughly, so that I 'll be riddled if I may not yet become a priest or parson!"

"Humph," said Wild, "to be sure some folks are saved occasionally in the way you mention, but not always for ever; I mind me of the case of John Simpson."

"And what was that?" demanded Butler; "something comfortable, I 've no doubt?"

"Why," rejoined Wild, "during the greater part of the reign of our late King William, this chap Johnny Simpson was a soldier, serving with our army in Flanders, when he used never

to let slip a blessed opportunity of robbing the tents of the officers; and once when the army lay before Mons, his majesty commanding in person, Simpson chanced to be on guard at the royal tent: observing his majesty go out one night in company with Lord Marlborough and Lord Cutts to inspect the positions, in whips my soldier into his majesty's tent and prigs a thousand pounds. This, and a many other things, murders, and such like, was laid to his charge, as well as alleged violence done upon Roman Catholics as they went to mass in the early mornings, and the infraction of the churches of Brussels, Mechlin, and Antwerp, and stealing of plate from the altars. He had a deuced long score against him, and his time, as it seemed, being come, he was condemned by a court-martial, and sentenced for execution the following morning. You may talk of hanging, but that shooting of a soldier's a nasty thing, and Jack he could n't abide it. I 've heard him say he did not fear a leap from the drop a bit, but

when you come to march a poor fellow through the open ranks of his comrades, with his coffin borne before him, to the sound of the muffled drum. and then put him all alive and healthful to kneel in the wooden great coat which is to wrap him up, when it matters little how cold he may become, its a ceremony as much or more than any man can stand. There's something too in the sound of the priest's retrograde step, as he retires from the blindfold criminal murmuring the prayers and removing himself from the range of the fatal volley, that has in it more than those who have not seen it think of; but, however, as I was saying, Jack had no wish to be sent out of the world that way, so he e'en cuts his lucky, and, saying much as you have said now, 't was something about being saved at last, in he bolts into the church of St. Peter in Ghent, near which the army at that moment was lying. Being once in a place of sanctuary as they call it, he gets on the soft side of the

priests, who again tickled the ear of Prince Eugene, and their joint intercession with King William obtained Simpson's pardon, and he was permitted once more to join his regiment.* 'Twas no use though, it didn't do him a morsel of good, there was just such a look about him as I have of late remarked in you, chains and the gibbet were written in his face, he came home, and, having escaped the hard fate usually attendant on sacrilege and murder, he fell into a softer line, broke into Mrs. Gawden's house, stole two feather beds, or flea-parks as we call them, and the knot slipping under his chin, he died at Tyburn in the greatest agony."

"A murrain on thy cold tongue!" exclaimed Butler; "thou hast the most funereal and gibbet-dealing memory I ever knew; but here goes again, good Jonathan, I drink to the health and safety of all young gentlemen like myself who have received a polite education and been born to better things; open thy lips, old boy, while

* See Newgate Register.

I pour into them some of the goodly juice of old John Barleycorn to wash the deadly nevergreen out of thy croaking throat." So saying, Butler poured a copious draught into his companion's mouth, of such length and duration as nearly choaked the recipient. Wild, being unable to raise his hands from the cord which bound them, turned his face away to avoid receiving any more, and having sighed and smacked his lips, ere his swallow was quite free from the deluge, and still in action between each word, he said—

"It is Caddel, one George Caddel, whom you remind me of now; he was born in Bromsgrove in Worcestershire, and articled to an apothecary, served his time, went to London and walked the hospitals to learn the amusing art of surgery; humph! belike it taught him how to find out the softest places. After walking the hospitals he walked his sweetheart out in the fields by the road-side leading to Burton-on-Trent, and cut her throat, for which, polite education and

all, that *young gentleman* was sent to the jail at Stafford, tried, and hanged. What think you of the parson, too, the worshipful Master Thomas Hunter, who cut the throats, or nibbed them if you like it better, of his two pupils while walking in the fields near Edinburgh, because they had told of some of his delinquencies. He was a learned man as well as polite, and was tutor in no less a family than that of one of the Bailies of Edinburgh, an office which your *well-educated* mind will inform you is equal to that of an alderman in London. Blood being on his clothes, according to the old Scotch law he was tried within three days in the sheriff's court, and hung the very next morning. The gibbet was handsomely set up on the scene of the murder, but previously to turning him off they severed his right hand with a hatchet, and piercing it with the knife which he had used, they stuck it over the chains in which he was soon suspended. These are comfortable anecdotes for your

polite brain to reflect upon, Master Butler, and you will do well to take them into your consideration."

"Out upon thee! thou hideous raven!" cried Butler, snatching the nearly-finished tankard from his lips, and throwing the remnant of the liquor in the leering eyes of his tormentor; "of all the mournful monsters that stain the face of the living day, thou art the most detestable; the very ale will choak me if I drink it longer in thy presence, there is a chillness in thy tone and manner which creeps up my back, and makes me feel an ague of the heart; I would I were an honest man, if only to look thee in the face and shame with scorn thy monstrous turpitude."

"*Be* an honest man, then," replied Wild, repressing all feelings of anger. "I dare to say that bad as you are you can recollect the time when you were innocent enough. Is your mother alive? have you no sisters, brothers, who have steered a steady course, and would welcome you back

to Ireland? Come, there is but one man who knows what you have done, and you can make him forget all you wish to hide from the world's eye. I tell you, *be* an honest man, *set me free,* fly the scene of your exploits, and I'll never know where to find you."

Liquor oftentimes has different effects on differently constituted minds; it renders some men quarrelsome, others loud and boisterously happy, while some there are that under its influence sit and sulk, or again are silently good-humoured. On Butler it had none of these effects, but it softened and soothed his disposition, and brought him to almost a tearful or weeping state of intoxication. Wild seemed to have understood his man, and touched the key-note of his present inclination.

"I have," replied Butler, with his eyes full of tears, "I have, Master Wild, an only sister, my parents died when we were young and left us in possession of a little fortune; we were every-

thing to each other, and had she remained unmarried she would have kept me on the right course of life, but it was otherwise. Left to myself, I soon got tired of the privacy of my home, and having that dangerous amount of fortune sufficient to make a man idle without enabling him to live comfortably, not having a profession, I spent my time among men far richer than myself, learned their habits to my own ruin, and fled to escape my creditors. Thank Heaven! my poor sister little dreams what misfortune has made me. Wild, Wild, have you a heart? but no, you don't know what pity means, and yet it soothes to tell my woes to some one. My mind often turns to the little neat house on the mountain-side, to the old priest who used to be so kind to my sister, and the little chapel we have so often knelt in together. Ah!" he continued, increasing in grief and maudlin intoxication, "I often think of home, and long to be back again by the side of

the little murmuring stream, where with my sister sitting on the heather beside me, or beneath the hawthorn where the robin used to build, I have so often caught the fish that was to serve our meagre table. Well, well (trying to look fierce), damn it! its no use thinking of these things now, my boat's afloat and I must pull the oar that fortune leaves me. Instead of the sweet wild heather of my native mountains, I must thread the mazes of the sooty city, or be cooped up in smoke-dried holes like this, save when it serves me to cut a purse or clink my hoofs on the murky common. My sister! my poor dear sister!"

"Good Master Butler, I expected as much," replied Wild, "and have sometimes thought, for all the finger of the gallows which is marked so plainly on your brow, that you would amend if you could. I ask you again why don't you become an honest man, leave this neighbourhood, and return to the little house and the sister you

are so fond of? Your crimes will be as easily forgotten as the money has been quickly spent which you gained in their commission, and as there is but one man who knows enough of your history to hang you when he pleases, I say to you, make that man your friend." Butler looked perplexed, cast down his eyes, and Wild continued. "The friend I allude to is myself; set me free; by detaining me here you add crimes to your score far blacker than those your heart or hand have ever fashioned; you assist in the escape of murderers and traitors. Set me free I say, go your way, and by my soul, Jonathan Wild will be the last man to look for you."

"You speak of impossibilities," replied Butler; "I have passed my word to Master Surface, he assisted me but now, and indeed, indeed I ought not to play him false."

"Don't play him false then," retorted Wild; "but at least, man, be true to yourself; you just leave this room, you know I am bound by

cords, and while you are out of the way just send in friend Mopitup to ask how I like my mutton done."

Butler rose slowly from his chair, and with an unsteady hand replaced in his vest a pistol which lay on the table before him. When he had proceeded half-way across the room he paused with a sheepish expression of countenance, as if uncertain what to do.

"Be true, be true to your *sister* and to yourself!" exclaimed Wild, and his companion then slunk from the room, as if thoroughly ashamed of the act he was committing, and left the thief-taker to himself.

It is an easy thing to *descend* the tree of virtue, because perhaps the upper side of each bough that man reaches in his progress may be clothed in fascinating hues, or bear the luscious fruit tempting to the eye and appetite of nature; led on step by step, each descent easier still than the other, the creature becomes enslaved by the

delusive sin of which he is the created heir, and but falls in an inherent snare with which for some mysterious purpose he has been surrounded. Not so when man endeavours *to return* to the boughs which are nearer Heaven ; he then finds that to ascend requires enormous self-denial, immediate pain, and an attention to hand and foot in the race, the goal of which still seems to be at an immeasurable distance. Nature must be thwarted, pleasures balked, the rules of society sometimes broken, and the heart must turn callous to friends and affections, and be guilty of what at the moment seems to be earthly or dishonourable injustice ; for the world forms its judgment on the surface of things, and labours not to discover the remote but real source whence flow the waters of the purer fountain.

The wretched man who left the room where Wild was confined was an humble instance of the fact to which I have alluded. He had be-

gun to *ascend* the tree though bidden to do so by the devil, and by this, which afterwards proved to be his first step to long-abandoned virtue, he forfeited his word and was guilty of an injustice to a man who, but a few hours before, had saved his life at the expense of great hazard and peril to his own fortunes.

As Butler approached the stable, he met the host of the little inn. "Go," he said, "Master Mopitup, go into the parlour, Jonathan Wild hath need of thy assistance." Then, suddenly mounting his horse, he proceeded even discontentedly in the direction of London.

CHAPTER XLV.

When I behold a genius bright and base
Of tow'ring talents and terrestrial aims,
Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
With rubbish mix'd, and glitt'ring in the dust.

DR. YOUNG.

THE sun was low behind the trees and wilds of Kensington, as Sandron's horse, bearing his master home, beat the loud road with eager hoof in the direction of the favourite stall. On the left lay the red brick house which had been the residence of the Duchess of Portsmouth, and wherein Charles the Second was attacked by the disorder which terminated his life. Even then the old mansion appeared to blush more ruddily in the lingering beam of the setting sun than

other houses in sight, as if still conscious of the errors of France.* On the right the gates leading to the Palace were open, and numbers of workmen were issuing forth, having been employed during the day in perfecting and arranging a considerable portion of land lately added to the gardens.† Farther on, the chimneys of Holland House were seen as the last spot on which could dwell the golden tint of evening, and ere Sandron had reached the Nunnery at Knightsbridge sober twilight had empurpled the distant view.‡

The horse and his rider had proceeded together for some distance on amicable terms, when sud-

* The Duchess of Portsmouth, a native of France, and the mistress of Charles the Second.

† Queen Anne considerably enlarged the pleasure-grounds.

‡ Still in existence and kept in holy uses. For a description of the most interesting features of this road, see Jesse's useful and pretty little work of "A Summer's Day at Hampton Court," to the accuracy of which I am happy in being able to bear testimony.

denly a difference of opinion seemed to have arisen between them; while the one sidled and curveted in an attempt to maintain himself on the straighter road, the other leaned his body slightly and gracefully to the left, and by an application of the right calf of the leg and heel endeavoured to induce the reluctant steed to strike into a lesser road which led away in the direction of the river towards Twickenham, it being Sandron's intention to call in passing on Lord Orford at Strawberry Hill, respecting some slight affairs, the explanation of which would not detain him many moments. The matter in dispute between the travellers was soon settled, for, though the horse reared and plunged furiously, Sandron sat him erect and free and forced him to obedience, when it was not long before he reached the first infraction of his journey. At Strawberry Hill, however, he was detained some space, for therein he found a party from whom at any time it was difficult to escape; the wits

who used to assemble at Button's Coffee-house were sojourning with the noble host, and the assembly enumerated Addison, Steele, Lord Wharton, Doctor Arbuthnot, and Swift. As was usually the case at such meetings, politics were perseveringly avoided, save when they might be connected with some of the jokes of the day, and all was mirth and good humour. When Sandron entered, his ear caught the following lines which seemed to be read aloud amidst roars of laughter, and which he afterwards found had been written by Swift upon Doctor Tisdal.

When a Roman was dying, the next man of kin
Stood over him gaping, to take his breath in.
Were Tisdal the same way to blow out his breath,
Such a whiff to the living were much worse than death.
Any man with a nose would much rather die,
So would Jack, so would Dan, so would you, so would I.

"Swift, Swift," cried Addison, with an admonitory shake of the head, "have a care, have a care, or all the Mistress Dingleys in the world, or amount of interests on moneys, will not save Stella

or yourself from being dragged before the public : the next work we shall see advertized will be 'The Living of Laracor, or Stella's Swift on the Summer of the Gospel;'" then quoting Swift's lines to Doctor Sherlock, on that gentleman's refusing to take the oaths, and transposing them a little, he continued, "When you are thoroughly shown up and cut by all good people, *we* shall have to write—

> "Since at the Tavern I can't meet you,
> With paper embassy I greet you,
> T' advise you not yourself t' expose
> By 'fences offered to the nose."

This sally was received with roars of laughter by the company, but Swift sat in his chair with a sly, unconstrained expression of countenance, and having depressed his dark eyebrows a little, he replied—"Ho, ho, ho, my dear Addison, this is just what I wished to see, your late sally is a specimen of the new-fashioned way of being witty.—God's my life, here entereth that love-lorn boy, Sir Sandron! You are come at a pro-

pitious time, my young friend. I have just had '*a bite*,' as it is termed; listen—when you wish to be witty, follow Addison's example, ask a bantering question or tell some damned lie in a serious manner, cheat your hearers, get them to reply to you *as if they thought* you were in earnest, then cry you—'Fellows, there's a bite!'* Good youth, I'm glad to see you, you'll gain some useful knowledge in this our choice society."

In spite of Sandron's anxiety to depart, his friends detained him till the night began to wear apace, but at length Lord Orford summoned an attendant and ordered the horses to be brought to the door. Some little delay in their arrival, however, took place; and when Swift remarked that Sandron was impatient, he turned to Lord Orford and said abruptly, "You don't expect that that puffed-up table lackey of your's will order this youth's horses, do you? I'll wager

* See Swift's Letters to Doctor Tisdall.

my wig against the woolly scalp of a blackamoor. that he goes to your steward and desires him to tell my Lord's own man, to tell the butler, to tell the footman, to tell the coachman, to tell the groom to order out the steeds. S'death! why 'twas but the other day that I told my footman to shut the stable-door as he passed; when, turning round, he coldly begged my pardon for his inability to comply with my request, as 'he did not understand horses!' Think not of the road, good youth," he continued turning to Sandron, "my Lord's steeds at least are far too well bred to part with your's on such a night as this—hark! 'tis the low growling of the distant but approaching thunder-storm, and large round mournful drops of rain patter slowly and separately against the panes of glass, like giant tears from Heaven shed over the land of sinners. Thou shalt *not* go, there are signs in the night of murder."

"Indeed you had better stay," said Lord Orford; "you imply doubts of the comfort of

chamber and cellar by your inclination to depart—when the horses come, let me return them to their stable."

"Thanks, a thousand thanks, my good Lord," replied Sandron, "I cannot accept your kindness."

"What!" interrupted Swift—"not when the ghost of Kidd, scarce cold from Execution Dock, may be cruising the Thames and Crane; or what is far more probable, when some well-intentioned gentleman like Master Surface or some other hero whom thy exquisite perfections may have crossed or thwarted, may be dogging thy steps as Cowland did Sir Andrew Hanning, to slay thee at advantage—the very name of Hounslow Heath is sufficient to scare a traveller; 'tis better to let the morning find thee here, than to have us all summoned in the afternoon to inspect thy disfigured remains and pronounce them to have been once the hope of Sandron Hall."

In the midst of such bantering as we have described, and in spite of the assertion of Swift

as to the conduct of the servants, the horses were however at that moment announced, and bidding his friends adieu, Sandron sprung into the saddle. Night was considerably advanced when he emerged from the village upon the wide commons which then formed a portion of Hounslow Heath, and as he drew his belt to the front in order that the hilt of his sword might come more readily to his hand in case of necessity, he observed that the threatened storm was darkening the sky and proceeding in another direction. The low murmuring of the distant thunder was still heard at intervals, while upon the horizon might be seen the glare of the accompanying lightning. Immediately over head the sky was bright, forming a strong contrast to the gloomy background of the picture, and the air so still, that when the horses of himself and John Hardcastle who rode a few lengths in the rear turned from the beaten road and threaded the greensward between the patches of furze, the trampling of

their feet rose on the ear of night with a hollow and almost an unnatural or unearthly sound.

Occasionally, even across the bright sky immediately above, small masses of vapour would appear as if hurrying to join the distant storm, and impelled by upper currents of air having no communication with the calm and awful stillness which reigned on the silent and dreary Heath. Remarking on the night, and led away into a train of reflection that had little to do with the immediate passage of events, Sandron proceeded slowly on his way in the direction of the little village of Hatton, which then consisted of not more than three or four cottages of the poorest description, but which afterwards gave the name of Hatton Common to the waste tract of land in their vicinity. Though there was scarcely any moon, nevertheless, as sometimes is the case, the night was light without any visible occasion for its being so, and each brake of furze in its full golden blossom stood out boldly above the

more even turf, and rendered the path that Sandron was pursuing as distinct as at noon-day.

As he proceeded his eye fell on some animal which crossed slowly before him, and which he thought was either a hare or a fox, when, from the mere curiosity of a sportsman without expecting to see it again, he checked his horse over the line of the animal and looked down into the furze. "It's a badger," he exclaimed on seeing a glimpse of it again close beneath him; "no, by my life! — what ho, Spider! 'tis poor Corah's little dog." As he said this Spider crept from his hiding-place, and standing on his hinder legs tried joyfully to touch his stirrup. The dog then looked up wistfully and crept stealthily along the path before him, looking up occasionally as if inviting him to follow. In Sandron's breast there then at once arose a thrilling suspicion that the animal before him was probably hovering round the tent that used to contain the loved mistress of its single affection, and that by such

means he might be led into the presence of the murderer of the devoted girl. Hesitating not, to the astonishment of the matter-of-fact mind of John Hardcastle, Sandron immediately began to prick through the furze, following the dog away from every beaten path till they came to the little rivulet of the Crane, which found its way through one or two marshy meadows. Here Sandron perceived that the ground would not bear his horse, and as the steed was of too spirited a nature to leave him tied to any thing, even if there had been any thing to have tied him to, he dismounted and resigned the rein to his attendant, giving him orders to await his return.

"Sir, sir!" remonstrated John Hardcastle, "don't go by yourself; take I along withy'; this is an unked spot, and close by where the man was robbed and murdered: the gibbet is not far off; and when I last came by, the body of the highwayman was still grinning in the chains!"

"I can't take you with me," replied his master; "what are we to do with the horses? no, no, mark what I say, remain here and stir not without further command."

While this was taking place Spider had swam through the rivulet and remained standing in the little meadow beyond, with his head turned back in the direction of his companions; as soon as the dog saw that Sandron had crossed the stream and was prepared to follow, he again proceeded and entered a high brake of furze and thorns in the rising Heath beyond. At the entrance to those high bushes, rendered dark as pitch by the thorns which met overhead, Sandron found the dog—it was crouching to the ground, and seemed almost fearful of proceeding. Sandron unsheathed his sword. "On, on!" he cried in a low eager voice of encouragement; "on, on, good dog, I follow thee!" Thus reassured, Spider crawled along the earth as a lurcher may be seen to do when in the proximity of game,

and prepared to spring upon the quarry. So dark and tangled was the path, that Sandron now found himself obliged at times to creep on his hands and knees to avoid the tangled briars, and to ascertain if Spider was still before him. When the little dog felt the hand of his companion he again proceeded, and Sandron often found him in need of such encouragement. All at once the thicket opened into a small clear space; in the midst of it was a dark object through some crevices of which appeared a low, red glare of light. It was the gipsy-tent, and Sandron's heart beat with the excitement of his situation. Pausing a moment before the object of his solicitude, he then crept noiselessly to the back of the tent, and placing his face close to one of the crevices, the following objects presented themselves.

Immediately beneath the place where he stooped were the haggard and deeply-furrowed features of the murderer Smith which, by the

working of their lineaments, accompanied by the laborious heaving of his broad bosom, seemed to indicate that though sleep held possession of the limbs, the mind was racked by horrors far, far beyond its alleviating power. The shaggy eyebrows of the villain raised as if the balls beneath them stared on some vision of unmitigated horror, while the starting and cord-like sinews of his bare throat seemed scarce to restrain the cry of dread that struggled to the lips.

Stretched before him Sandron then gazed upon man in his most hideous form: dreadful from his deeds, and dangerous from the power of limb and desperation of purpose, the murderer of woman, the owner of the ruthless hand that had with a fiendish blow silenced the beautiful lips that had never murmured Sandron's name save with the deepest respect and affection, lay within the reach of vengeance and seemed to invite the blow.

At the foot of the tent smouldered the red embers of a decaying fire, while on a portion of

the gipsy's dress, to keep it from the dampness of the earth and ready for his hand, there lay a horse pistol, and by its side a tremendous bludgeon. Great care had been taken to screen the foot of the tent so as to conceal the fire, for several old pieces of cloth were made to surround it and to throw the light inwards, from which cause the face and figure of the ruffian were as distinct as possible. To Sandron, the moments that discovered the gipsy to his sight were fraught with intense interest, and horrible as the subject was with which the slumbering figure was connected, those moments were not without their beauty. Alone, far away from all human assistance, with nothing to depend on but his single arm, Sandron stood in the presence of a murderer of a desperate character, and of so powerful a frame as to render him fearful even to numbers. Aware of that fact, he felt in his heart that proud determination to succeed which seems to dilate the bosom of the brave as danger comes to dare them.

It would have been easy to have sprung upon the villain and to have stabbed him to the heart ere he could have risen in his defence, but such was not Sandron's purpose, for he felt that the blood of a miscreant so shed would have been a stain to the unsullied sword of his ancestry; even though the villain before him had taken the life of poor Corah, whose only fault had been, if fault it could be called, the entertainment of an affection, an impulse of nature, wholly free from any voluntary act of crime. To master such a slave of villany, to bind him hand and foot, and to drag him to the ignominious fate awarded by the offended laws of God and Man, was the act Sandron contemplated, and he proceeded to put his resolution into practice. While he was yet pausing how he should best effect the object he had in view, the canvass at the foot of the tent moved and little Spider crept from between its folds and seated himself with bright, fixed and savage-looking eyes, in-

tently watching the gipsy. Apparently at the moment of the entrance of the dog the dream of the gipsy had reached some fearful climax, for starting abruptly from his sleep he sat upright, raising himself on one arm and fixing his horror-stricken look on the creature before him. His dark, grizzly locks seemed to stand on end as with glaring eyes his trembling hand grasped the pistol at his side, while he addressed the object of his terror thus : —

" Ha ! and art thou too come to haunt me? see, see there by the dismal fire sits thy mistress, wrapped in bloody garments and pointing at me the finger of death ; her lips are white and colourless, while her long black hair hangs around her but cannot conceal the dreadful wounds ; curse thee — away — by the fiend himself I fear thee not !"

As the gipsy uttered this he brought the pistol to a level and fired at the dog ; the tent then became so full of smoke that everything was

obscured from view, and even Sandron was obliged to withdraw his face from the crevice till the vapour had subsided. When he again looked in, the gipsy, as if exhausted by the terror he had experienced, had sunk upon his elbow, the pistol still clutched firmly in his hand; a portion of the canvass at the foot of the tent had fallen in, but whether the body of the dog was beneath it or not Sandron was unable to discover. The gipsy paused thus for a moment, and then with a shudder seemed to recover his faculties.

"Curse these dreams!" he growled, "they are enough to unman the devil; bramble my body but I'll not give way to 'em." He then applied himself to the pistol, drew back the hammer, and seemed to search for the implements to reload it.

Sandron grasped his sword, when, a gentle gust of wind sweeping mournfully by, a noise as of the creaking of a rusty hinge accompanied by

the slight clank of a chain was heard as if in the air, and again all was as still as death ; even the fall of a pin might have been heard, so intensely did the actors of this scene seem to listen.

" Damn that creaking gibbet !" muttered the gipsy, " I did not know I was so near it, it moans even when the wind is still; but come," he said, addressing his pistol, " let me prepare your sweet voice again, my barker ;" as he said this the slugs were in his hand, and he was in the act of loading when Sandron sprang with all the force he could muster upon the roof of the tent, the hoops of which crashed beneath his weight, and enveloped in the canvass and struggling they scarce knew how, the combatants rolled together upon the fire.

" Surrender," cried Sandron, " or you are a dead man !"

" Never," replied the desperate villain, struggling to free himself from the folds of the tent which now caught fire, " never." When, as they

were both powerful men, a tremendous struggle ensued; partially freed from the obstacles which had fettered his limbs, the gipsy seemed likely to have risen to his feet, but that two severe blows on the head from the hilt of Sandron's sword stretched him senseless on his back.

At this moment a shout was heard and the voice of John Hardcastle exclaimed, "Master, master, where be you?" and the servant, directed by the flames from the canvass, forced the horse as near as the thicket would permit.

"Go," cried Sandron, "gallop to the nearest farm-house, and raise an alarm; return with two or three men to assist, say that we have taken a sheep-stealer, that cry will answer our purpose well, and stir the lazy boors when nothing else would move them; use all the haste in your power and return to me here." John Hardcastle under these directions galloped away, when Sandron, to guard against a rescue, made fast the arms of his prisoner with a cord, drew

him out of reach of the burning tent, and prepared to act on the defensive should any of the gang arrive to attempt a rescue.

He had not stood thus long when a low moaning reached him from the bushes at his side, and kneeling down he found the little dog bleeding from a wound, but apparently not mortally injured. The fire from the tent had now communicated to the high furze, and Sandron in the strong light of the flames was stooping over his four-footed companion, and endeavouring to stanch the blood from its shoulder, when the bursting of the bushes before the advance of some person drew his attention, and Master Surface, the hated Master Surface, accompanied by a gipsy lad, stood before him.

The new comers paused a short time as if to comprehend the scene so wildly presented to their view, nor were either of them long in elucidating the mystery. "In, in upon him, my lord," said the young gipsy, drawing a knife,

"we're two to one now, and when he finds that he has friends at hand the old un will soon be up and doing."

But Surface seemed to take a different view of the matter, and neither drew his sword nor moved, while the lad awaited his example. At this moment Smith began to recover from the blows he had received, wrenched at the cords with which his arms were bound and would have risen, but that Sandron set his foot firmly on his chest, and made a sign with the point of his sword that if he stirred he died. This, however, did not prevent the use of his tongue; Smith had recognized the voice of the young gipsy and had turned his head and seen Master Surface.

"Make in upon him," he cried; "Scratcher, Jem, help me I say; my lord, Master Surface, if I am taken and scragged, bramble my body but they shall know all; I'll not suffer alone, if I do may the fiend fetch me!"

"You will suffer," replied Master Surface with the most deliberate coolness, "you will suffer as all servants should who take on themselves to exceed their master's orders, the perfection of whose command is often quite enough without the slightest gratuitous addition."

"Villain Surface," exclaimed Sandron, unable to contain himself any longer, "false, deceitful villain, thou stain to thy order and disgrace to the land of thy birth, I defy thee! If thou wilt not assist thy emissary here tarry till he is in safe custody, and I will then so reckon with thy deceitful soul as to cancel all accounts between us." As Sandron said this he could scarcely forbear springing on Master Surface, and from the lightened pressure of his foot perhaps the gipsy beneath him expected something of the sort, for he cried once more to the lad.

"Be ready, Jem, cut the cords which bind me and then shift for yourself."

Sandron was perplexed, and scarce knew what

to do. If he assaulted Surface, he lost the murderer to a certainty, and perhaps his own life, for he would then have three assailants to deal with; whereas, if he remained on the defensive, one stroke of his sword, if forced to use it, would render his prisoner of no avail, and with his back to the thicket he cared little for the other two. He resolved, therefore, to remain quiet. All this passed through his mind in much shorter space than it takes us to describe it, and to Sandron's address Master Surface replied.

"A truce to your hard words, sir; be content, and do not force my interference, or it may be the worse for you. I mind not either what you say, for when one thwarts and crosses an overproud young man, some boyish insolence on his part may very well be pardoned. Use the villain you have taken as you please, I fling him from me as one does a worn-out saw that has eaten through the knotty planks of the forest till the fairer wood lay open to be worked upon,

his jaws are edgeless to me now, let him employ them on his own fetters."

"Edgeless!" exclaimed the prisoner, gnashing his teeth in fury, "are they? I'll make a clean breast of it, and if there is such a thing as justice, my lord shall swing in his silken rope as well as the gipsy in his hempen one; bramble my body you sha'n't have a single dark corner left but shall be as open as the day can make it!"

"Fool," rejoined Surface, contemptuously, "dost thou think thy owlish flight can injure the pitch of my falcon?—out upon thee, I leave thee to the fate thou hast so richly deserved."

"No, you don't though," yelled the young savage, and suiting the action to the word, knife in hand, the gipsy lad sprung at Master Surface, aiming a blow at his side; Surface caught the wrist of his assailant, wrenched the knife from him, and dashed its possessor to the ground.

"Take care," he said to the lad, as coolly as if no violence had passed, "lest I read thee a severer lesson," then turning to Sandron, he continued: — "and now, fair sir, I take my leave of thee, trusting that it may be no harm to wish thee safe from surrounding difficulties, and to hope that when we meet again it may be in better society, when I shall have not the smallest objection to yield thee all the satisfaction in my power.'

Speaking thus Master Surface waved his hand and disappeared through the thicket, amidst the scoffs, threats, and mortal defiance of Sandron, whose rage the imminent circumstances in which he was placed could scarce control. While this was passing, the single tramp of a horse was heard, and it seemed to the anxious ear of Sandron as if his servant was about returning without assistance; the young gipsy too seemed in doubt as to whether it might be friend or foe, so he crept into the furze to windward of the fire, and

lay partially concealed, but with observant eyes, which shone from the dark shadows of the gorse like those of a fox or cat when in the same situation. A moment more and the boughs of the thicket were again burst asunder, and Jonathan Wild presented himself.

"Soho, sir," he exclaimed, the moment he beheld the prostrate form of Smith, "you have been before me;" then advancing and touching the gipsy with the toe of his boot, he informed the prisoner that he was now in his custody. Overjoyed that he was at liberty to pursue his own course, Sandron then sprang in the direction in which Master Surface had so lately disappeared. No sooner was he on the open Heath than he called that gentleman by name, and cried to him again and again to return; he thought that a loud hoarse laugh reached his ear, but if it did the certainty of the direction was drowned in the hearty response of John Hardcastle, who, recognizing his master's voice,

soon came to the spot, attended by several labouring men. Sandron then returned to the thicket where he had left Jonathan Wild.

"Tell me," inquired the latter, "did I not hear you but now shout the name of Surface?"

"You did," replied Sandron, "he left me not five minutes since, nor would he tarry a moment for aught that I could say."

"Here," cried Wild, with the greatest alacrity, "here, sir, resume your charge of the prisoner, convey him instantly to London and take him before Justice Lambert, I must go: you have been before me in this instance, but torture be my lot if I let any other hand than mine drag Master Surface to punishment; there's an account between us that nothing but hemp or the axe can settle."

So saying, in spite of all remonstrance, Wild dashed through the thicket and disappeared; Sandron had, therefore, no choice but to desire

John Hardcastle with the assistants he had raised, and who consented to continue with him for money, to convey the gipsy to London, whither he himself would follow so soon as he had regained his horse.

In search of his steed then we will leave him while we follow the fortunes of others, who we hope are equally interesting to our readers.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

POPE.

My readers may remember that when Louisa Marmaduke bent over Sandron, as he lay stretched upon the couch of Master Comfortem, insensible from the wounds he had received in effecting her rescue from the party who were bearing her forcibly away, her attention had been riveted by a locket which he wore nearest to his heart. Until she had perceived this love-token, her at-

tention had resembled that of one who watched the sick bed of a relative dear only from ties of consanguinity, or from having been connected with those past scenes of calm felicity which are often associated with the recollection of home, and to which the world-sick heart will frequently turn when exhausted and weary with the storms of life. When, however, she observed the locket, and gazed on and recognized its contents, her manner on the instant became entirely changed, and from calm and tender melancholy, she was aroused to the most intense sorrow.

Tears, melting tears, such as open their sources from a sense of injustice done to those we love, chased each other down her cheeks, and seemed almost glad to be so emancipated from the restraining and feverish bond of irremediable sorrow. So then when she had demanded the restoration of the keepsake she had given him on their first separation, from an idea that it was no longer valued, and when he so conta-

maciously returned several trinkets, stating his forgetfulness as to which was the one she desired, she had been in each instance cruelly deceived: he never had slighted her gift, or returned it insultingly mingled with others. She wept, indeed, and sobbed as a very child, but the tears which fell from her then were not such as permanently dim the eye, or leave corrosive or furrowing traces on the cheek, to mark the desolation of the bosom. No; they were not such tears, but her grief might be rather likened to the softening deluge of the rain of the summer's day, for a time it seemed to carry all before it, but behind the tearful curtain might be seen on the eve of breaking forth a streak of the bright blue sky, and a gleam of such cheering light, as assured the observer that Heaven in its own good time would chase every shadow away.

There is many a gem were we but conscious of it, which lies hidden for a time in the secret

cells of the heart, however darkened each hope may appear, that needs but a ray from the true sun to make it glitter again in the path of existence, and great was the joy of Louisa when she saw that her gift was still treasured as the dearest boon the world had ever bestowed, by the brave but occasionally misdirected heart which beat beneath it.

The knowledge came to her as the reprieve comes to the condemned when treacherous hope has grown weary of misery, and flown to the happier lot. It reached her too by accident, and therefore unsullied by the remotest suspicion of design, and assured her beyond the power of doubt that secretly and sincerely she was still beloved by that breast, the affection of which she prized beyond all others.

Would that I possessed that beautiful and elaborate power of description, that grace which so frequently gilds the pen of woman, and which seems to induce her words to fall from her lips

so prettily, so softly, so poetically upon her letter, with all the sweetness of the source from which they sprung upon them; I should then feel no diffidence as to the success of my attempt to tell my readers how tearfully full was the heart of Louisa Marmaduke, and how softened and refined the brighter hues of joy by the mellowing tint of former sorrow. As it is, I must leave the matter in their hands, and trust that I may have touched the key-note which will lead to the desired harmony.

When our heroine, in obedience to the royal mandate, quitted the house of the good curate and the bedside of Sandron, and had experienced a gracious reception at the palace, it seemed then to be the intention of the Queen and the Duchess of Marlborough that she should repair to Sandron Hall purposely to await the arrival of her lover, for in that character every one seemed to agree that our hero was still to appear. To this end she was received with open

arms by the hearty old Knight and his Lady, and quickly found herself surrounded by old associations and affectionate friends, all anxious to testify their happiness at her return. Her favourites, beasts as well as birds, fondly recognized her after her long absence, and having evinced some timid curiosity, the white doe also returned and fed from her hand; when, in the midst of the most beautiful weather of spring, not only the feelings of her own bosom but all creation seemed about to return once more to harmony and love.

What pity it is that winter should succeed to summer—that a cloud should ever veil the sun—that night should blank the face of day, destroying the glorious hues of light—or that the mortal lip should simply reach the sparkling cup of joy, to learn how effervescent were the bubbles which burst upon the brim. Hour after hour passed at the Hall, to Louisa they seemed like weeks of expectation, still the expected lover

did not arrive, and the shadow of anxiety again returned to her beautiful brow. Lady Sandron saw that the current of affairs was not running smooth, and with good-natured assiduity offered a thousand explanations and reasons for her son's absence, every one of which did more harm than good. As for Sir Stamford, he never sat down except at meals, and so constant had been his repetition of the monosyllable "pshaw," and so uninterrupted the squeak of his riding-boots, as he paced up and down the rooms, that Lady Sandron, in dressing, put one of the little black patches incidental to the personal decorations of the period on the end of her nose instead of on her cheek, while her favourite parrot "pshawed" and "squeaked" by the hour, in imitation of the lip and foot of the testy old Knight. While this state of things continued at the Hall, her Majesty and Court had removed from London to the Wolseyan Palace of Hampton, there to

sojourn for a few days ere she took up her more permanent residence at Windsor.

It was on the afternoon of a most gorgeous day, when spring, like a lovely girl of nineteen just verging on symmetrical perfection, seemed to have pressed through her tender screen of budding beauty, and to have broken forth upon the parks and gardens of Hampton Court and on all the world, in her full-blown plenitude of power. The splendid garden-front of the old palace cast a shadow on the squarely arranged walks and greenswards towards the park, while its pinnacles, roofs, and chimneys still glittered in a blaze of living light, affording as it were a playground, around, about and above which innumerable martins and swallows sported in the air, or in some instances sought their curiously-clayed nests beneath the eaves of the majestic windows. There was a restful vivacity, a grandeur without display, a harmony of art and nature, and yet with all a soothing and almost

melancholy lesson in the scene, which enchained the mind and led it to dwell on the human insect that had planned, gloried in, and ruled, and *then perished* from, that splendid structure of his ambition.

While gazing on the picture thus offered to the view, the well-known words of the princely Wolsey must be remembered, when, stripped of all his worldly possessions by Henry the Eighth, he had been indicted for the exercise of his legatine commission, and was waited on by one of the judges, at Esher, to receive his reply to the accusation :—"I am now," said the Cardinal, "sixty years old, and the best of my days have been spent in his Majesty's service, in which my whole endeavour was to please him; and is this that heinous offence for which I am deprived in old age of my all, and driven as it were to beg my bread? Tell the King to remember that *there is both a Heaven and a Hell.*"

But to return to the moment in the passage

of which we are more immediately concerned. From beneath a bower of growing lime-trees teeming with perfume from the blossom of the bough, and softly alive with the hum of the honey-seeking bee, there arose a light and mirthful chorus of laughter.* Long and loud was the merry peal, yet, though trembling on the brink of it as boisterous joy must ever be, there nevertheless was not the shadow of vulgarity in those sweet and jocund sounds, from the silvery tones of which the ear might judge that they almost exclusively belonged to woman.

Possessed of that mysterious power which in a greater or a less degree belongs to every author, we will look beneath the leafy screen and learn of whom that laughter-loving party was composed.

Around a table, on which was tea and coffee, and waited on by several servants in the royal livery, sat the Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Jer-

* The avenues of limes were planted by William the Third.

sey, Lady Godolphin, Lady Margaret Bonville, Lady Charlotte Beverwert, Mrs. Fermor, and other ladies, while in attendance on them were also seen the Marquis of Normanby, then Keeper of the Privy Seal, the Earl of Rochester who was a first cousin to the Queen and chief of the Tory party, the Earl of Cardigan, Sir Edward Seymour the Controuler of the Household, Lord Petre, and Sir Stephen Killigrew. At a little distance from the table sat the poet Pope, a man of small stature, with a person much deformed, but bearing in his countenance that sharp look of sagacity accompanied by the self-satisfied air with which Nature so often arms her bodily-neglected child, to enable him apparently to strike an even balance in the scale of humanity. Still further off was a man who seemed to feel that he was out of his place, or only tolerated in that society on account of his proficiency in the art of painting.

It was the artist Bogdane, much patronized by the Queen, and whose productions in poultry

and flowers still ornament the walls of Hampton Court Palace. On the grass at the feet of the party and stretched on a velvet cushion reposed a favourite spaniel of the Queen's, of the King Charles's breed, while an equally favoured large deer greyhound sat perfectly motionless at a little distance with his ears erect and his bright eyes fixed on a small herd of deer grazing by the bank of one of the canals, as if only restrained by the usages of civility from a breach of the peace and a foray more consonant to his nature. The laugh had been occasioned by the fact of one of the boughs of the trees above having caught the highly powdered and tastefully arranged wig of Sir Stephen Killigrew ; carrying it away, it held the trophy aloft as a token of sylvan victory. Now Sir Henry was perhaps one of the vainest men of his day, piquing himself on the beauty and grace of his person and address, and most sensitive when he thought those qualities were not duly appreciated by the softer sex. He was by

way of making most determined love to Lady Margaret Bonville, which fact being known to Lords Cardigan and Petre, as well as that their friend was possessed of the most wondrous opinion of his own infallibility in love affairs, they lost no opportunity of teazing him in his most assailable quarter.

"By my life," whispered Lord Cardigan, "Sir Killigrew, thou art not half the man without thy wig which thou wouldst have us believe thee to be when it is on, faith! I never before knew the worth of a perukier — they are crafty artificers and patch us up amazingly."

"I'll wager thee a handful of gold pieces," said Lord Petre, chiming in on the same subject, "that thou failest in thy suit with the fair Bonville — see — by our Lady, her well-turned shoulder shakes with that pretty little laugh which rang anon, and which, though not so loud as that of the rest of the party, had something in it irresistibly provoking; by my word, had

she been a man, I should have said she had insulted thee; Killigrew, Killigrew, carry thy *native hairs* to other markets for they will stock *no warren here.*"

"I'll bet with thee," said Sir Henry Killigrew aside to his friends and crimsoning with vexation, at the same time reaching down and adjusting his wig, "Ill bet thee a hundred gold pieces that I win her, ay, and that she gives me a love-token this very eve."

"Eve was the mother of sin," replied Lord Petre, "and unless like the dame of old thou gettest some marvellous apple to mar the better reason of Lady Margaret thy hundred gold pieces are mine already."

"It is a bet," said Lord Cardigan, "I bear witness though the subject be unmeet for wager; but come, let us keep up the humour of the hour for Normanby is at this moment having it all to himself." So saying, the young men who had risen together to inspect the position of the wig

resumed their places at the table. Tea and coffee having been removed, some of the ladies amused themselves with ornamental work, while others resorted to cards and to the game of Ombre; at this last game the Lady Margaret Bonville engaged Lords Normanby and Rochester, and perhaps her doing so gave a hint to the brain of the poet then gazing at her to indite the following lines.

> Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
> Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights,
> At Ombre singly to decide their doom:
> And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.*

* It appears from some papers found in a secret nook of the Spicery, as well as from some manuscript which was legible some years since upon the walls of the larder, that over the reformed and solemn preparation of viands there presided in the reformed kitchen of Queen Anne, in the year 1700, and thence onwards, one Master Gobelard, who was not only a cunning caterer of nice things, but also a crafty deliverer of witty sayings, a man of vast erudition and research, with a soul above cutlets and confectionary. Some well-thumbed papers having fallen exclusively into the author's possession, it would appear that the record of the splendid establishment of a "thousand persons" maintained by Cardinal Wolsey, with the state and station of the heads

Leaving the party thus employed, we must return to the wilder heath, and to the adventures of others.

of the different departments of the cuisine, when compared with those of Queen Anne, fell like gall and wormwood on the palate of this aspiring cook. The following notations and remarks appear in his hand-writing.

"In the Cardinal's time *was*" "a Master Cook who attired himself daily in velvet or satin—gold chain" "and other requisites suitable to his important office." "Under him worked two cooks and six labourers, with a multitude of children turnspits." "In H.M. time I have neither velvet or satin, gold chain, small children, or even negroes to turn *my* roasts, the latter is done by dogs." "A yeoman and a groom!" "I dare not trust them in my larder, unrestrained as they are in this day by the fine feelings of feudalism, or by respect for the crown or whoever represents it, the rogues would feast and filch till all was bare, and in the scullery where they could be trusted I have only slip-shod wenches." "In the buttery two yeomen and two grooms!" "in the ewry two yeomen and two grooms, in the cellar three yeomen and three pages!" "Men must be changed by the march of learning, for were I now to put fellows into the buttery, they would eat to a bilious fever, the ewry might do, but as to the cellar! the dogs would be drunk in ten minutes."

"Mem'—looked out one fine summer's afternoon to see how the ladies relished my coffee, cakes, and waferies, which they had borne to them beneath the trees. They

Having despatched his servant in charge of the prisoner to London, we left Sandron in search of his steed; the horse, however, grown impatient of delay, had broken his bridle, and was at large. After some time spent in a fruitless search, weary of grazing by himself, the lost steed neighed for his companion, and he was at length recovered. By this time rosy-fingered Morn was peeping from her window in the east to gladden the quickening world with her sunny smile, when, instead of prosecuting his journey to the Hall as he had expected to have done, Sandron found himself forced to return to town, and to attend the examination of the gipsy. This affair once settled, no longer fet-

were exhilarated certainly, for Sir S. K. lost his wig and liberties were taken with lady M. B.'s locks."

The inference which the author draws from these unquestionable documents is, that some doubt may reasonably be entertained as to whether Mistress Fermor was the true Belinda alluded to in Pope's Rape of the Lock, and that the text of Dr. Wharton, as well as other authorities who agree with him, should be received with caution.

tered by public duty, he could then repair to the home of his fathers with time at his own disposal. Having reached London and been present at the examination and committal of the prisoner, who made a clean breast as he called it, and accused Lord Lovat, commonly known as Master Surface, of half the crimes that were committed within twenty miles of the metropolis, and by so doing colouring his accusations too highly to look like truth, Sandron mounted his horse, and about noon proceeded slowly in the direction of Richmond, having determined to acquaint the queen with his capture of the murderer by presenting himself at Hampton Court in his way to Sandron Hall.

It was a lovely day as we have elsewhere described, with a dreamy stillness in the air that betokened perhaps thunder or some other ethereal commotion. How often the mortal mind seems to be affected by the atmosphere, and how subject is man to influences, for the governing

reasons of which he feels it impossible to account! A bright and sunny day will often bring forth the best colours of the brain, and rainy, dark, lowering weather will mark the cheek as well as the window with the course of tears. Birds and beasts have evidently some secret power which warns them of the approach of storm, why then should not man have an instinctive apprehension of immediately impending evil?

Sandron felt care-worn and sad, the buoyancy of his youthful spirit had deserted him, and he looked back upon past pleasure as an epoch in his life never more to return. The face of nature which had ever pleased him, bright and beautiful as the prospect then was, had not a charm left which could rouse him from that dark hour, and he passed "*Shene*," or the beautiful, as Richmond was originally termed, with scarce a knowledge of the fact. Having left Richmond, his vicinity to Marble Hill, the residence of the Countess of Suffolk, as well as to

the house at times occupied by that extraordinary creature, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, induced no remark ; and the church where not very many years afterwards one of the greatest poets of that day was to find a resting-place from all inflictions, save from one of the most detestable of all, that of an indifferently-conceived epitaph, instead of reminding him of the merciful disposition of futurity promised by its holy precepts, only served to shew the shadow of death, and the end of earth's ambition.* Continuing his route, he neither quickened his pace nor drew his rein till arrived at Hampton, then resigning his horse to his servant he entered through the Gate of the Wilderness, passed the labyrinth which Pope designated "a mighty maze! but not without a *plan*," and emerged upon the gardens of the palace by a small portal not far from the Tennis Court.

* Pope lies buried in the church at Twickenham beneath *an* Epitaph by Warburton.

As he passed the Wilderness, and walked beneath the thriving trees, the voice of Nature from her nesting-birds was sweet, as it has been since, when the author has stood during some of the happiest hours of his life, as well as in some of the darkest, beneath those old trees which have waved over and will still wave over the fleeting beauties of generations. The world was before Sandron; strong in limb and open in heart there seemed no reason for regret, no cause for the drooping of the spirit, and yet he was sad, weary of course also from want of rest, and in a mood to jest with which were dangerous. Proceeding along the front of the palace he encountered one of the pages, who informed him that a party of ladies of the court were drinking tea in the gardens; in the direction to which the page referred, Sandron then advanced, nor was he slow in observing of whom that assembly consisted.

Long before he was near enough to distin-

guish a feature, the intuitive perceptions of his heart made him aware that the Lady Margaret formed a part of the society he was seeking, and with sensations which baffle description, without being observed by others, he arrived sufficiently near to become aware of all that was going forward.

Behind the chair of Lady Margaret, and apparently watching the game of ombre, stood Sir Stephen Killigrew; he was occasionally stooping to the ear of the fair gamester, and whispering remarks either on the success of her opponents or on her own fortunes to which she seemed to pay at least a smiling attention. Sandron thought he never had seen her look so lovely or felt himself so thoroughly disposed to cut any man's throat as he was to sever that of Sir Stephen Killigrew. The summer breeze met her beautiful forehead, and played with the two long locks of hair which seemed to sport in pride of their situation over the snowy charms of her neck and bosom, and as Pope afterwards

described it, it looked as if the "sylphs and sylphids" were in reality in attendance on her beauty.

> To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs,
> To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in show'rs,
> A brighter wash; to curl her waving hairs,
> Assist her blushes, and inspire her airs.

While Sandron contemplated her beauty, Sir Stephen Killigrew reached his hand slily to a work-box which stood near him, and possessed himself of a pair of scissors. Once, twice he raised his hand as the glossy lock in obedience to the gentle airs waved back in his direction, but as often his determination failed him, and Pope's attendant sylph with the treasure under his charge remained unsevered.

> Even then, before the fatal engine closed,
> A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
> Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain,
> But airy substance soon unites again.

A moment more propitious seemed at last to offer; every one's attention had become en-

grossed by the cards or by other occupation; the sylph deserted his post or was doomed to perish with it, for Lady Margaret raised her head while her eyes were fixed on her cards, the curl waved backwards, the scissors closed, and the rape of the lock was completed.

If the sky had fallen it could not have caused greater commotion. Sandron sprung to the spot with his hand upon his sword. Lady Margaret shrieked so prettily, and rose blushing and indignantly from her seat, her chair falling on the back of Mrs. Fermor's lapdog Shock, who yelled with pain, while all the rest of the party jumped to their feet as if by instinct; the queen's little black spaniel barked at every body as it had a right to do, and the great deer-dog excited by the general clamour, and naturally inclined to venison, dashed off in full pursuit of the deer which had so long been engrossing his quiet attention. "So far was heard the mighty knell," the waterman held aloft his oars, and

for a moment refrained from breaking the smooth surface of the shining Thames to listen if it were not some one fallen into the water, while the royal liveries were seen in commotion. Above them all from an open window looked forth the royal head itself, when the Duchess of Marlborough, who had been closeted with the queen, descended to ask the meaning of the general consternation.

It takes some time to describe the effect occasioned by the rape of the lock, but all this was the work of an instant. Sir Stephen Killigrew had evidently hoped to have obtained the treasure unobserved by all, but with the example of Sampson before his eyes, he little knew how much importance was attached to a single lock of hair or the strength which a curl contained. Experienced in love affairs as he was, or affected to be, he might have known that when the secret ally, the heart, in the hitherto impregnable fortress, gains over the hand and induces it to give

to the enemy such a flag of truce, there is no longer any insurmountable resistance. To receive *such a gift* is heaven! to *take it forcibly* —— any thing else my readers please.

It is marvellous how speedily good breeding puts an end to excitement of any sort, and how completely under control are the *lips* and *hands* of those well versed in the rules of the best society. Your high-bred courtly gentleman smiles and says, he is "most happy," and shakes your hand, while in his heart he wishes that he grappled with your throat, and this so long as lords and ladies are in his vicinity. When they are gone, and when time should have banished anger, he steps coolly up and bids you keep your life against him. It is this imposition upon one's natural feelings that makes it recreation on momentary offence to cuff a boor, or horsewhip vulgar assailants; the latter is as a draught to him that thirsts, while the former is like drinking when the desire for wine is gone by.

The momentary confusion subsided to all outward appearance, almost as suddenly as it commenced. Lady Margaret assumed a most placid, though where Sir Stephen was concerned rather a contemptuous manner, and seemed to have forgotten that she had lost or had ever possessed the glossy tress that remained in the rifler's possession, while Sandron, catching his cue from the expression of that beautiful countenance, but with a most ominous look which was not lost on Sir Stephen Killigrew, suffered his hand to fall softly from the hilt of his sword, and commenced a general conversation. The only sign of the storm that had passed was, that not one of the party seemed inclined singly to converse with Sir Stephen Killigrew.

When the Duchess of Marlborough appeared and asked what sounds of confusion those were which had ascended on the wings of ether to the queen's windows, there was a general hesitation for reply, when Sandron, seeing one of the

keepers of the park leading back the deer-greyhound, he replied, "*that the chief portion of it arose with a puppy*, and that Odin had given chase to the deer."

Order having been thus restored, to perfect the harmony Lady Margaret was requested to sing, when, taking her guitar, she commenced as follows : —

Oh ! there is a thrill that the forester feels,
When the maiden he loves through the wild wood steals,
Too deep in its passion, too sweet in its flow,
For duke, lord, or lady of fashion to know.

And there is a bliss when such lovers have met,
And a tint on the cheek like a rich sunset
That springs from a furnace too pure in the flame
For courtiers to kindle, or even to name.

True nature thus whispers when no one is nigh,
Save the lovers that hear but the woodlark's cry ;
From nightingale note, to the murmuring dove,
She wooes them forgetful of all things save love.

There once was a forester — where is he now ?
A maiden that loved him so wildly, so true,
That she seemed not to think of the world or its frown,
Should their passion reciprocal ever be known.

And she was *so* young and *so* gentle and fair,
With such a dear smile, and such glossy brown hair!
Such eyes of deep blue the sweet soul to disclose!
Such breath of the violet, lips of the rose,
That angels might envy the loveliness given,
Unequalled on earth, and surpassed not in heaven.

Alas! that the envious slanderer's tongue
Should e'er of the fame of that beauty have rung;
Alas! that the forester ever should part
With her, his sole mistress enthroned on his heart.

All joy is but fleeting, all lovers must sever;
The sun in his glory may shine — not for ever:
The mind has a summer which lasts but a day,
And worlds are but given to vanish away;
While blue eyes once beaming, so soft and so clear,
Must through their dark lashes be shedding the tear.

There is a lone spot in the forest, and thither
Blush primrose and violet, still but to wither;
It was the last place where the forester's joy
Reigned boundless, and free from a thought of alloy.

The wind sighs as usual, the birds still may sing,
The cushat dove coo, and the wild flowers spring,
The trees bloom the same, yet those fond hearts may never
Be seen in their woodlands — they've parted for ever!

When the applause which followed the performance of the Lady Margaret had ceased the

guitar was handed round, and each in their turn were called upon to sing. It chanced that Sandron was the first to whom it was offered who had the power to comply with the demand. He then sang the following ditty, the first three stanzas of which commenced in a soft and plaintive manner, and then the air changed at once to a bolder declaration.

No sigh that stirs the orange grove
  Seems half so sweet to me
As that which parts thy lips of love,
  In absence breath'd for me.

'Tis joy at midnight's lonely hour
  To dream of those bright eyes,
To paint their plenitude of power,
  Each glance again to prize.

To know the long dark silken fringe,
  Which, veil-like, did its duty,
Lies restful on the roseate tinge
  That tints thy blooming beauty.

Oh! if the times were here again
  Of Chivalry's high notion,
I'd risk my life to save the pain,
  To serve thee with devotion.

I would proclaim thee lovelier far
Than fairest of the best,
And bear thy scarf in plumed war,
Wove with my crimson crest.

I'd make thee richest in the land
With spoils my deeds had won,
And raise thee by my red right hand,
So thou shouldst stand alone.

Each minstrel harp, old England's voice,
Thy worth should so discover,
That I would leave no mortal choice
Betwixt thee and another.

Ay! like the rose in perfume sweet,
Exalted — fair and free —
Thy charms should govern as 'twere meet,
The world *I'd make* for thee.

Oh! thou hast so supplanted those
Who used to charm my soul,
Henceforth I deem them all as foes
Who would my heart control.

As soars the God of light above,
In his own cloudless heaven,
So seeks my breast that trusting love
Thy confidence hath given.

Then fare thee well, sweet, gentle one,
Be mine the boon to crave;
Thy faith unaltered, if 'tis gone
Without it — then the grave.

While these songs were passing, there had, in particular passages of them, been a glance or two exchanged between Lady Margaret and Sandron, which had been remarked by more than one of those present. Sir Stephen Killigrew had observed it, and so had the friends with whom and in whose presence he had laid the wager which had led and was still to lead to further commotion. The conversation now assumed a general tone, and Pope, who seemed to have taken an amazing dislike to Sandron's tall, handsome, and muscular figure, much fitted as it seemed to raise any one by his right hand if the times permitted, questioned him cynically as to where he had obtained his poetry.

Sandron not liking his manner, and being in any thing but a good humour, replied "that

men were not always obliged to give up the name of the author from whose works they either quoted or sung, so long as the lines used contained nothing personally offensive. Your's, sir," he continued, " is not, therefore, a fair interrogation."

The tone of Sandron's voice, though speaking low, drew the attention of those nearest to the spot, and Pope wishing to raise a laugh at Sandron's expense, replied, " Methinks, fair sir, you are but young to lay down the law so boldly, and to pronounce so cavalierly on the fitness of question or reply; you must excuse me, sir, if I doubt your skill in the description of the true note of interrogation; let us have the benefit of your idea."

" I can describe it," replied Sandron, " and thus it is: a note of interrogation is a little crooked thing that sometimes asks impertinent questions!"

The poet coloured at this allusion to his per-

sonal appearance, and as the most satirical people usually do, winced particularly under the very species of whip he himself was so prone to use. Lord Brudenell laughed, but seeing that it was time to stop any further disagreeable rejoinder, he cut across Pope's conversation with a flattering allusion to his poem on Windsor Forest.* The evening was now wearing late, but the party continued walking in the gardens, while Sandron was commanded to attend the queen. Having recounted his adventures and capture of the murderer, he was dismissed the royal presence with a recommendation tantamount to a command to repair to Sandron Hall immediately, as her Majesty had been made aware that his parents' desired his presence.

Having ordered his horses Sandron then once more entered the gardens of the palace ; he went

* "The first part of this poem was written at the same time with the Pastorals." Pomfret's edition of the Life of Pope.

there without any defined plan, but he wished to be alone, and to endeavour to reduce the chaotic feelings of his heart to some degree of order. The moon, the beautiful contemplative summer's moon had arisen, and looked on the mirror-like surface of the Thames as if in contemplation of her glittering smile, while from the green ozier beds and white blossomed hedges on the Surrey side the river came the rich full melody of the nightingale. Sandron with arms crossed upon his breast proceeded along the terrace beside the river, deeply busied with the conflicting sensations in his bosom, and walking noiselessly upon the soft velvet turf by the side of the gravel-walk. Thus employed, and when at the extremity of the palace gardens he was aroused from his reverie by the voices of some persons near him, and only secluded from his view by a large and spreading evergreen. In an instant he was aware of the voice of Sir Stephen Killigrew, and as Sandron reached the

extreme verge of the leafy screen between him and the speaker he was brought to a full stop by the act and speech of the former, who, holding up a long glossy lock of hair full in the light of the moon, thus addressed Lord Petre.

"Behold," he said, "I bear the gage, and I claim my wager. I told thee she should give me a love token before the day was done, and here I have it."

"No, by my soul you have not!" exclaimed Sandron, springing forward and snatching the ringlet from his grasp, "it was never designed for you, or if it was you have forfeited all claim to its possession by making it the subject of a wager."

Thus speaking Sandron thrust the lock of hair into his bosom, and stepping back a pace or two laid his hand upon his sword.

Sir Stephen Killigrew's sword was out in a moment, nor was Sandron's long in following its example, but Lord Brudenell and Lord Petre

drawing their swords also stepped in between them.

"Stay," exclaimed the former, "I see no reason why this matter should not terminate without bloodshed; it is a foolish, ay, and an improper affair from beginning to end, and I at once disclaim with disgust the share I have had in it, slight as that share has been. In the first place, Killigrew, the wager was in bad taste, in the second your rape of the lock was rude and wholly unjustifiable, and in the third I almost repent me that I had not called you to account for the act on the spot. Had she been a sister of mine, on my word I would have run you through the body."

"I'll never pay you the wager," added Lord Petre, also addressing Sir Stephen, "for the lock you obtained was not given with the consent of its owner, yet still, as I deserve some fine for my heedlessness in joining in such a wager, the hundred gold pieces shall be expended in charity."

"Hold, hold both of you," cried Sir Stephen Killigrew, foaming with rage and vexation; "if I have been wrong in the first instance I will return the lock and apologise of my own free and courtly will to the offended lady, but no forward puppy shall presume to teach me my duty, or snatch rudely from my grasp the fiend himself if it is my pleasure to hold him there. Hand's off, I say, or by the lord I'll mark the breast of some one;" so saying he dashed the intercessors aside and assailed Sandron with the utmost fury. Several passes were exchanged and blood was drawn from the shoulder of Sir Stephen Killigrew, whose headlong assault laid him open to the steadier hand and eye of his antagonist. Lords Brudenel and Petre again stepped between the combatants, and were in the act with their own swords of beating down the points of the others, when a noise of persons climbing the wall of the gardens from the brink of the river reached their ears, and two more

men with drawn swords were added to the list.

"Sandron, Master Sandron," cried a voice which belonged to Master Surface, "I have but a moment to spare for the bloodhound of the law is behind me, but in that last moment I call on thee to fulfil thy threats of vengeance;" saying which Surface sprang forward and lunged at the heart of him on whom he called; Colonel Charteris was with him, also sword in hand, and the whole party, scarcely knowing how to take the affair, became engaged either in their attempts to separate combatants or in defence of themselves. Sandron, with every energy worked up to its fullest pitch, was pressing Surface hard, when in the random light and confusion of the melée he felt a violent blow, a paralization of his muscular power, a fall, and then all consciousness deserted him.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Behold, slow setting o'er the lurid grove
Unusual darkness broods; and growing gains
The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd
With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
* * * * *
Prone, to the lowest vale, the aerial tribes
Descend; the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk.

THOMPSON.

ON the day immediately following the night on which Sandron captured the murderer on Hounslow Heath, circumstances at the Hall were in much the same state as when last we left them: the good old knight as fidgety, his dame as full of kindness, and Louisa Marmaduke more a prey to melancholy than ever.

It was noon when the latter strolled forth into the park, and in the direction of some adjacent woods. It seemed as if the visible world had fallen asleep, so hushed and still were all surrounding objects. Not a sound met the ear, not a murmur from the stream, not a song from the grove, even the busy bee sat still beneath his honeyed treasure, or lay entranced in the lips of the flower too idle to use or fly from the sweets of his gorgeous pillow.

The sky to the eastward was clear and beautiful, the turrets of the distant castle of Windsor were touched by a flood of light, but from the western horizon even to the lower orb of the sun had arisen one huge black or leaden-coloured curtain, which cast such a gloom over the landscape surrounding the Hall, and through the stagnant air, that the face of day seemed suddenly to have borrowed the frown of night, and to be cloaked with unnatural darkness. A load seemed to lie on the bosom of Nature, nor

could she heave a sigh to free herself from her evident oppression.

With her eyes fixed on the clearer position of the sky and her thoughts far away from the contemplation of the threatened thunder-storm, Louisa continued her walk, passed the boundary of the park, and entered the mossy sides of the lonely woods; here even the hare and rabbit crept forth to feed on the fresh grass, deceived as it were by the darkness of the hour. The cry of the startled blackbird from the thick brambles to which he had flown as large round drops of rain fell pattering on the broader leaves above, with the boding cry of the hoarse raven, the only bird who dare trust his ebon wing in the overcharged and electric air, first warned Louisa of the fast approach of the now bursting storm.

She was too far from the Hall to reach it ere the tempest broke, and therefore she screened herself in a leafy bower which had been built of boughs in disport by some of the gamekeepers.

Little did she think when she sought that shelter that her footsteps had been followed by those who traced her as relentlessly as the deer-stalker does the hart on the heather of his native mountains, but relentless and lawless were those that followed as the sequel of this history will shew.

It was impossible for any one to approach the bower where she sat without coming within her view, for the wood at the back of it was impervious through blackthorn and briar, while the ride on either hand was straight for some distance, without a tree to shield the smallest thing from observation. Her surprise and terror was great then, when she perceived three strange men stealing along the edge of the ride direct for the spot she occupied, and greater still when she saw two others turn the corner of a path which led into the more open one before her, and advance cautiously on the footsteps of the others.

She knew not what to do; to fly was im-

possible, and trusting that they might not be in pursuit of her, she resolved to lie still in the remotest corner of the bower, in the hope that she might escape observation. As she couched in a dark nook like a timid deer, she could hear the low rustle of the cautious advance of the foremost of the party, till the form of the leading figure darkened the doorway, and then she instantly discovered that it was the detested person of her persecutor, Master Surface.

She shrieked as he sprang forward and seized her, but there was no time for explanation or supplication, for a stalwart, bluff figure presented himself also at the entrance of the bower, and in a stern and determined voice called on Lord Lovat to surrender in the queen's name.

Surface, as we must still continue to call him, seemed to be aware that his case was a desperate one, for drawing a pistol he discharged it at the head of Jonathan Wild, but happily for the immediate circumstances of the thieftaker without

effect; Surface then sword in hand rushed upon him, but ere Jonathan nothing loth to the encounter received his attack the latter was assailed from behind by a stout gamekeeper from the Hall, who had heard the shriek of his young lady, and thrown to the ground. Surface seized on the lucky chance of escape, and springing over the bodies of the men as they grappled together, and repelling with his sword a feeble attempt to secure him made by Wild's assistant, followed by Colonel Charteris and John Gourlay, he ran with all the speed he could make from the scene of the conflict.

It took several moments to explain mistakes, and to separate Jonathan from the embraces of the gamekeeper, but when that was done Surface and his party were nearly out of sight. The storm had burst, the lightning flashed, and the rain fell in torrents, and in the midst of it all, pursuers and pursued, in hot and eager chace, left the trembling girl to the now safe shelter of

her sylvan bower; disregarding the storm, however, she proceeded to the Hall, and was once more received in the affectionate arms of Lady Sandron.

Away ran Surface, and after him Wild; John Gourlay dashed into the copse wood, when the gamekeeper, having seen that the foremost of the party had quitted his bounds, contented himself with searching, but in vain, for the delinquent, who remained upon his manor. On Maidenhead Thicket stood an empty carriage which the driver fled with in one direction, while Surface and his friend sprung upon their steeds, and galloped off in another. At this juncture Wild for the first time lost ground, for he had to return some distance to obtain his own horses, and this gave the pursued an amazing advantage. Bloodhound-like, however, he was not easily to be lifted from the line of his quarry; the rain which had now ceased had obliterated in its fall all other traces, save those that had

passed over the ground but lately, and by this fact the thieftaker was enabled to trace the fugitives to Windsor Forest; here, baffled by the more recent passage of herds of deer and by the luxuriant fern and other impediments, we must leave Wild while we follow Master Surface.

Having abandoned their tired horses at Staines, this gentleman and his companion, Colonel Charteris, took boat and proceeded by water with the intention of disembarking again at Kingston in their way to London, when, as they were proceeding down the river in the vicinity of Hampton Court palace, their attention was attracted by the clash of swords, as well as by the voice of Sandron. Abandoned, villanous as his life had in some instances been, the gentle blood which flowed in the veins of Master Surface beat quicker as an opportunity seemed to offer of wiping out the stain of cowardice which Sandron had lost no opportunity of endeavouring to fix upon him, for which purpose, accom-

panied by his friend who was ever ready for mischief, he scaled the wall of the palace gardens, and mingled in the fray. It was with much surprise that Surface beheld Sandron, when the latter seemed to have him at advantage, fall from before the bloodless point of his own sword, but seeing his enemy down, and fearing for his own detention, he called to his friend to retreat, and lost no time in regaining his boat.

As they reached it, he observed that Colonel Charteris wiped his sword carefully ere he returned it to the scabbard. When Sandron fell, Lord Brudenell as well as Lord Petre supposed that it was from a fair thrust from his opponent, but when kneeling over him with the utmost solicitude they lifted him from the ground, and bore him to the building without the palace gate, which had been built by Cromwell for the reception of his Roundhead soldiers, but was then used for the accommodation of the suites of

guests at the palace,* they discovered that he had fallen from a felon stroke delivered by some one from the rear, their regret and rage knew no bounds.

"Gallant heart!" exclaimed Lord Brudenell, as the tears chaced each other down his manly countenance; "would that I had been aware of this before! Well ought I to have known that no open foe from the front could have reduced these noble limbs to a state of death, but we will avenge thee, Sandron, if the craven villain who struck thee so unfairly dare breathe the air of our native land."

Great care was then taken to keep the affair as quiet as possible, as the severest penalties were attached to the drawing of swords and duelling on the royal premises; advice was called in, Sandron's wound examined, and though it was a fearful one no immediate apprehension of fatal consequences ensued. He had fainted

* The old Toy Inn.

from hemorrhage, but his senses soon returning he was removed to a cottage, his parents sent for, and directions given that he should be kept as quiet as possible. The moment it was deemed safe for him to travel he was conveyed to the Hall, when a relapse took place, and for weeks the sufferer seemed to be suspended over the dark and mysterious gulph which lies between life and death.

When Surface and Colonel Charteris reached their boat, they pulled with all haste away, and landing at Kingston continued their flight to the great wilderness of humanity, London, there in the midst of that forest of living souls to elude detection, while they took measures for their future safety. Jonathan Wild having lost in the forest all traces of those of whom he stood so anxiously in need, like a skilful huntsman when his hounds are at a difficulty and foiled of their line scent, left off all immediate search and made a wide cast for the city, well knowing

that as the wounded deer will often seek the herd despite of their threatening antlers, so, when the malefactor is hard pressed, he will often hide himself under the very nose of those from whom he is most anxious to escape. On the morning succeeding that afternoon so famed by the muse of Pope for the Rape of the Lock,

> Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
> And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day:
> Now lapdogs gave themselves the rousing shake,
> And sleepless lovers just at twelve awake;
> Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
> And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.

The waiting-maid of the Lady Margaret entered her chamber, and presented at her bed-side a small packet. It was directed by a well-known hand, but the characters of the letters were so tremulously deformed that the lovely eyes which fixed intently on them could scarce recognize their meaning. The silken string and seal were soon severed, when there rolled from some fine perfumed paper, defaced with one or

two traces of blood, the lock of hair which had been so recently severed from its previously sacred resting-place. There was not a word of explanation contained in the envelope, and with strong and painful suspicions as to how Sandron migh have been concerned in its restoration, Lady Margaret was forced to await the development of circumstances, for which we must refer our readers to the succeeding and last chapter.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought.
And yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fated flash. * * * *

They loved: but such their guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time informed the heart
Of innocence, and undissembling truth.
'Twas friendship heightened by the mutual wish,
Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self;
Supremely happy in th' awakened power
Of giving joy.

THOMPSON.

ON a bright summer's morning, at least it was so elsewhere, for over London there impended such a yellow and misty atmosphere that nothing looked gay but the shop windows,

numbers of people in their holiday suits were seen pressing forward to gain some spot in the vicinity of Tyburn. There was nothing but pleasurable anxiety expressed in their happy features, and each had their joke or their song, so much so that the superficial observer would have thought the full tide of London population was pouring forth to attend a fair or some other merrymaking, instead of which, man, woman, and child, were hastening to gain favourable situations to witness a fellow-creature and a woman burnt to death at a stake.

In the midst of the crowd were Master Surface and Colonel Charteris, their hats drawn down so as to conceal their features as much as possible, while two light cloaks were so disposed as to render their figures the less discernible.

The multitude had not been long assembled when there arose in the distance a long, wild yell of execration; at first it was like the far-off roar of the breakers of a stormy sea, but as the

awful sound rolled nearer mortal denunciation, the human curse, and the invocation to God to pour down on the offender the vial of his wrath, were plainly distinguishable amidst the vociferous din. The toss of the heads of black horses was now seen above the throng of people who lined each side of the way; and those nearest to the scene beheld dragged upon a hurdle or sledge the figure of the miserable woman Hayes.

Since her condemnation and the temporal prostration of hardihood which followed it, she had conducted herself in the most lamentable manner, betraying not ignorance of the scriptures, but, for a woman in her station of life, rather an extensive acquaintance with and knowledge of their contents; in short she had read them from beginning to end, and offered a strong instance of that folly which is so often practised by ladies and gentlemen in the present day, the fact of supposing that *you amend* the poorer classes by *simply teaching them to read*, or to spell the

words of scripture, without the moral cultivation necessary to make their minds fit to receive the seed, and understand its value.

It would be well for those who are so anxious for the march of the art of reading to apportion on the system of the county police a preceptor or teacher to so many hundreds of the lettered populace, to keep them to their legitimate studies; for as by the culture of a field you render the surface soil more prone to receive and foster either the useless thistle-down or the generous wheat, so by *a little* learning you open the mind to the insinuations of the obscene and dangerous publications of the day, which to the vulgar acceptances are apt to appear more amusing at the first glance than the at all times difficult to be understood revelations of scripture.

Mistress Hayes, during her imprisonment, had entertained the idea of self-destruction, and had in her possession a phial of strong poison, but which, being accidentally observed and care-

fully tasted by a woman who was confined with her, whose lips were burnt by the experiment, was broken, and thus the chance of suicide destroyed. With all these symptoms of the worst feeling, when she was only restrained by the hand of man from the infraction of one of the divine laws, at the last moment, unfitted as she was to receive it, the sacrament was administered, she was placed on the fatal sledge and dragged to the place of execution.

There were those at that period who thought there was desecration in such a ministry, and who observed as they looked on the features of the wretched criminal but little of that real repentance so necessary to the last change for the better. True, there was a blank despair upon her brow, and a transitory appearance of thought as if her mind dwelt on the beautiful things of the visible world, on the bright flowers in the gardens, on the sweet and homely sounds which arise from grove and meadow, and on the

joyous sun, which by a long and lingering hour of suffering, were to be snatched from her for ever, but this arose from animal not spiritual repentance.

Though there was a black bandage round her eyes she could, nevertheless, by raising her head a little, have a full view of the crowd, and as she approached Surface she started and even kept her head turned in his direction after the procession had passed the place where he stood; whether this was the effect of accident or not will be seen hereafter. Having been bound to the stake by an iron chain, and a small cord passed round her neck, the common hangman piled the fagots round her, and setting them on fire, took his stand immediately behind the hopeless criminal. As the smoke and flames arose, "volumed and vast and rolling far," the savage yells of the surrounding multitude made the welkin ring, and so incited were some of them, that had they not been kept back by the soldiery they would have assisted in the demolition of the victim.

It was customary on these occasions of petit-treason when women were burned at the stake to strangle them by means of the cord round the neck, before the flames had reached their person; but in this instance, either from the sudden rise of the flames or from some secret orders, the executioner who stood behind the stake let loose the rope and disappeared from his post like an evil spirit amidst the volumes of smoke which appeared to curl around him, and then it was that during her shrieks of agony and desperate attempts to spurn from her with her feet the flaming fagots, that one of her arms broke lose from the bond which was around it, and pointing to a particular place in the crowd with startling vehemence she cried, "There, there is my destroyer! there the fiend at whose door be my crimes and blood!"

All heads, all eyes, were instantly turned in the direction in which the sufferer pointed; there was a slight bustle among those exactly upon

the spot so peculiarly alluded to, and a giving way as if some of the component part of the thick wedge of human beings shrunk from the place, and soon after two figures in cloaks were declared by some to have been seen retreating. When the spectators turned to the blazing pile again, one universal conflagration reigned, and not a sound was heard save the roar of the hungry flame.

Slowly then and in earnest conversation, with their hearts hardened rather than subdued by the execution they had witnessed, did the congregated thousands melt away. "Well," said one of the people to a woman leaning on his arm, "I've seen one of your sex burned at the stake, and come next Tuesday week, I'll see another werry fine sight."

"And what is that?" said his companion.

"Why," replied the man, "I'll see this here woman's pal, gipsy or half-hung Smith, as they calls him, take his place on the gibbet and chains, for they are going to execute him also."

"And good right it is that he should so suffer," rejoined the fair connoisseur in capital punishments, "I've seen how *my own* sex bear it, and now it remains to be seen if *your's* likes it any better."

"What a row," said a politician in rags, joining in with the above conversation, "they're a making about the union between England and Scotland! One of our horrators the other night told us too as how it was as the people of England and the Protestants of Ireland by good right ought to cut each other's throats."

"Have you heard," said another, "that Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, has discovered a plot for the invasion of Scotland by the French, to the Duke of Queensbury, but that he is himself accused of high treason, for having in the previous instance offered at the court of St. Germains to return to the Highlands of his native country and raise twelve thousand men to act in favour of the Pretender, if he could be

assisted with a reinforcement of men and money?"

"Ah," said the first speaker, "he 'll not suffer death, we shall get no sights out of him! Only think what a grand thing it would be to have a hanging, a burning, and a beheading, all in the same month! But then, Fraser's a lord, though they say as he did call himself one Master Surface, so rest assured of it, they 'll let him off one way or t'other."

"Ay, ay," said an old man, who had been listening to what passed, "I 'm a tradesman, I owe no man a shilling, and if ever I am called on a jury to try a duke or a lord, a banneret. knight, or gentleman, I 'm blessed if I don't pronounce for his death, if it's only just to show that titles in the breasts of Englishmen stand to no repairs."

After this enlightened assertion of the middle class in the commencement of the eighteenth century, we will for a space give some account

of the escape of Master Surface and his friend Colonel Charteris. They hastened from the scene of the execution, when such strange allusion was made to the former by the culprit at the stake, and having lain perdue in the vicinity of the river till it was dark, they procured a passage in a vessel bound for the coast of France, and the sea, which so often rises mountains high to overwhelm the good, the brave and beautiful, lay calm, or slightly curled beneath the summer breeze that wafted safely over the water the ravisher of the noble house of Atholl, the outlaw from the realms of appointed justice, the systematic suborner and seducer of female innocence, and the traitor to his country and his queen. Let us turn from the contemplation of crime, and conclude by some account of the better ranks of performers in the drama we have presented.

Our readers are aware that when Sandron had been removed from the cottage at Hampton

to the halls of his fathers, he suffered a dangerous relapse ; a good constitution, youth and unremitting attendance, however, combined to stand his friend ; the delirium occasioned by his wound left him, when he was again in a fair way of recovery. So precarious had been his situation, and so long and nearly did he tremble on the verge of eternity, that for days and weeks the remotest approach to any excitement had been dreaded, and all allusion to Louisa Marmaduke abstained from with the greatest pertinacity.

It was not till after the lapse of some weeks that his strength of mind and body began to return. Still languid and weak, he lay on his couch revolving the scenes of the last year in his recollection, and endeavouring to deduce from them some line to guide his future course.

The court, with its brilliant attributes, coupled with the beauty of Lady Margaret Bonville, and

the general success that seemed usually to attend him in society, came upon his remembrance, and offered, as it were, a bouquet of sweet flowers to his senses, but the component parts of that nosegay were in his present mood too dazzling for gratification.

He thought on Lady Margaret and on the rape of the lock, and could scarce divest his mind of the feverish idea that she must have given Sir Stephen Killigrew some slight encouragement at least to have induced him to have ventured on so impertinent a familiarity; he remembered, too, that he had once seen her, though but for a few moments, enact the part of a coquette, and then the bitter lesson of the world bade him also bear in mind that what a woman has once done she *may* do again. The known character of Lady Margaret was too pure, too noble, and too beautiful, to let these vile suspicions lie long besieging the citadel of his own gallant spirit, and a single thought on her virtue

and on her spontaneous accusation of herself, when after the banquet in the city she had endeavoured to rouse Sandron's jealousy by feigning an attention to other men which she did not feel, put to flight all unworthy hesitation, and made him once more regard her with unalterable affection.

He admired her, he loved her, and would have died to have saved her pain, and yet with all this it was not that species of enthusiastic affection which, when the object of it is remembered at any time, gives a tone and colour to the whole visible world, and gilds the spirit with a touch so bright and pure, as to beautify and re-illume even the behests of Heaven. It was not that affection from which every song from the grove, every scent in the air or perfumed flower, seems to have stolen a connecting link, and to be possessed of the power to transport the lover to some sweet moment passed in the society of his mistress. No; it was not that, it was more

like the affection of a brother to a sister, a smooth calmly-flowing stream of waters, deep and voluminous, yet never rousing in the observant mind either a wish to stay their course, or a fear that a rock should at any period wake the lily-bearing tide from its placid depths into a leaping, noisy, and shallow cataract.

From the contemplation of one affection, he turned to another, and in his mind's eye he beheld Louisa Marmaduke as she used to be, as his sister, as his more than sister, as his first and tenderest love, artless, confiding, and pure even from the knowledge of the world, whose lessons, if they fail in corrupting virtue, nevertheless have a tendency to mar the inimitable colours of her downy pinion, for, to apply the words of Byron in this instance in regard to the attempt of vice to retain virtue in her voluptuous halls, and to win her to her ways :—

> For every touch that woo'd its stay
> Has brushed its brightest hues away—

danger appears to exist even in mere approximation. The same sights, the same sounds were before and around Sandron that he had known and enjoyed with one who perhaps might be lost to him for ever, and whose gentle, affectionate, and softly-beaming beautiful eyes might at that very moment be suffused with tears through his neglect and cruelty. He drew from his bosom the locket, and as the tears fell on the pillow that supported him, he wished that she could see how he pressed it to his lips, but these were vain and idle thoughts, and he resolved to banish them from his mind, to crave permission from his father to join the glorious standard of the victorious Marlborough, and to find in foreign climes that oblivion of past scenes he courted in vain in his own country.

The summer had now reached that full-blown beauty, when Nature, having brought all her buds and blossoms to perfection, and sighed over the fall of many of her earliest sweets, seems

like a graceful matron, who, without having lost an atom of her loveliness, has passed from the morn to the noon of life, to rest in proud contemplation of her glorious family.

All was restful love, the honeymoon of life was, for the season, over. Birds no longer mingled with their songs of courtship the harsher scream of battle, or displayed the fullness of their feathery perfections to captivate or triumph, but each sat softly by his mate, and brooded with her by the side of their growing young. The red rose expanded her full-blown breast adjacent to the luscious honeysuckle, and beguiled the changeful bee of the remembrance of the many lipped lilac, or of the snowy charms of the departed seringa. Though the air was not so full of song, it was still awakened by soft and tuneful evidences of the happiness of creation, and by the note of the wood-pigeon, whose song, as has been remarked by Scott, seems ever so full "of peace, of rest, and love."

On the first day that his strength would permit him to do so, without declaring his resolution to any one, Sandron walked languidly forth into the park followed by a little red dog who now never left his presence. No human being observed him quit his chamber, but he could not evade the affectionate sagacity of his father's old deer greyhound who had been so severely wounded in his attempt to seize the apparently intended assassin of poor Corah; that faithful servant found him abroad, and having testified his mute affection prepared to attend him in his rambles. At first Sandron turned his steps in the direction of the woods, but by a variety of gambols little to have been expected from so grave and aged a quadruped as the great greyhound was, Leander induced his young master to move in the direction of the Rectory.

"Well, well, old boy," said Sandron, patting the head of the dog as he returned every now and then to greet him, "thou shalt have thy way,

although thou dost lead me to scenes which can but make me sad and sorrowful."

Thus speaking, Sandron walked slowly down the well-known avenue, and looked among all the deer he saw for the white doe, but though many a goodly haunch was there, and many a fat buck met his view, while numberless does, stooping their heads and shaking their ears at the flies, trotted or bounded past in company with the dappled fawn, still not one of them resembled the creature he sought. Leaving the park, and entering through the shady orchard, he came at once with a full heart upon the Rectory garden, but there in place of long grass and weeds, with the wild and neglected mignonette which he had expected, he found that things were in the act of being restored to their former neatness. The grassplot had been mown, the walks trimmed, and curtains and flowers were at the window where he had so often beheld the beautiful partner of his earliest hopes and fears.

It were vain to attempt a description of his sensations when viewing these things; he did not weep, but there was a throb of the heart which arose to his throat, and nearly deprived him of respiration. Enervated by long suffering in mind and body, he felt as if he must rest somewhere, lie down, weep, or die, and with failing steps he sought the summer-house, and threw himself on the seat whence he had first parted from Louisa and received her father's blessing. Here tears came to his relief, and with all the affectionate sources of his heart opened, softened and repentant of ever having acted harshly by one whom, for all the appearances he had noticed, he scarcely dared to hope was really in his vicinity, he lay a prey to feelings the control of which was utterly beyond his power. Continuing thus for some moments, almost unconscious of surrounding objects, the old deer greyhound approached and vainly endeavoured by mute caresses to bring him consolation, but

finding his zeal unattended to, the dog had again lain down at his master's feet. In this situation they were till an event, which, trivial as it at the moment seemed, had power to rivet Sandron's attention.

All had been for some space hushed in the deepest silence; the master's tearful eyes were resting on his four-footed companion's, when Leander raised his head, looked anxiously to the garden, at the same time beating the floor of the summer-house with his tail as if in joyful recognition. A galloping noise as of the approach of some animal was then heard, when, as if not expecting to find the summer-house tenanted, the white doe, looking sleek and happy, bounded in; but, startled by the unexpected presence of a stranger, she endeavoured to turn for a retreat; her feet being ill adapted to keep their hold upon a floor, she slipped and fell, when, alarmed by the noise and hastening to ascertain if accident had happened to her favourite, Louisa

Marmaduke, more beautiful than ever, stood on the threshold, and in another instant was clasped in the arms of her lover.

How can we well describe the emotions of the heart, or the joyful flow of soul which succeeds to a long winter of misery? Here, by our book uninfluenced and free from the dominion of the passions, and in command of the cool and calculating brain, unexcited by the glories of the immediate sun, we are like a painter, who in the close confines of his city retreat attempts to draw from the recollection of the golden eve which empurpled the glowing landscape, when, surrounded by the magnificence of nature, his energies arose with the sight he witnessed; and like that painter without the presence of his prompter we find it impossible to succeed. In this stage of our history we must indeed trust to the imagination of our readers rather than to the author's pen, and hope that those feelings of love and affection natural in a greater

or less degree to the breast of every living creature will stand our friend, and fill up the full measure of the scene.

For many moments the heart of each was too full to find relief in words, but their glistening eyes looked into each other, and there read that which passeth shew; one glance to the heaven above, "spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright," and then their lips met in a long, long kiss, while Sandron strained her to his breast as if he would press her sweet soul from its lovely confines. and chain it to his own for ever.

"Oh! Charles," she murmured, "can this be *really* true, and *do* you love me still?"

"By my faith! dearest, sweetest girl," he replied, "by this token (holding up the locket from his bosom) my life, my own Louisa, I have ever loved thee, and henceforth will love no other! Tell me, sweet life, we have been separated long, the slave of circumstances, I have wronged thee, dost thou forgive, and wilt thou love as once thou didst belove?"

"Yes, Charles; in the words of Ruth, I speak again: 'where thou livest I will live, where thou goest I will go, when thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried.'"

THE END.

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